

Sam. B. Jones

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AUTHORIZED EDITION.

“I’ll Say Another Thing!”

OR,

SERMONS AND LECTURES

DELIVERED BY

REV. SAM. P. JONES

DURING HIS SECOND VISIT TO TORONTO.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

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INTRODUCTION.

THE sermons and lectures composing this small volume were delivered in four different Methodist churches in Toronto, on the occasion of their author's second visit to this city. They were listened to with deep interest by congregations which taxed to the utmost the capacity of the churches used. They are in Mr. Jones' best style, and will convey to those who have not heard him a fair idea of the interest he is able to give to every theme he discusses, by his striking illustrations and the pointed and pertinent applications through which old truths acquire all the force of a new revelation. Those who heard the addresses will no doubt be glad to read them, and so revive the memory of the pleasure experienced under their delivery.

E. A. STAFFORD.

TORONTO, *January, 1887.*

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“I'll Say Another Thing!”

SERMON I.

Preached in the Central Methodist Church, Toronto, on the evening of Saturday, Dec. 11th, 1886.

I AM happy in the thought, brethren, that I see your faces again; that I have been privileged to take many of you by the hand this afternoon. Your hand is the hand of a brother; your heart is the heart of a brother and of a sister. I shall thank God forever that in His good providence I was thrown into the best city in the world—Toronto; and that in His good providence He made the people of this city my friends. There has not been a day, scarcely a wakeful hour, since I left you that my mind and heart have not run back in pleasant memories of you and of my association with you. God bless you, has been my prayer and shall be.

We shall invite your attention to these words—the 28th, 29th and 30th verses of the 11th chapter of St. Matthew:—

“Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

“Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

“For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light.”

These are the words of the Lord Jesus Christ. The words are loving words; they are words of universal application. These are the words of a divine Saviour, and not only of a divine Saviour but of a divine philosopher; and the exhortation of the text we ought to consider a moment or two. Come unto Me;—not unto a church, nor priests, nor officials, nor private members of any church. Come unto Me;—not unto a Pope, not unto a man, but unto Me. I say He is not only a divine Saviour but He is a divine philosopher; He understands us. And there is a great deal in the fact that He does understand us. Do you know that nine-tenths of humanity are troubled with the thought that theirs is a sort of peculiar case? They don't wonder that the Lord can do great things with Bill Smith, or Tom Brown, or Dick Jones, "but the Lord can't do much with me because I'm a peculiar case. There are eccentricities and peculiarities about me that are unlike anybody else in the world." And we are very much given to the thought that we are peculiar. Brother, did you ever sit down and imagine how much real, genuine egotism there is in an idea of that sort—that the Lord should go all the way around creation, and stop at some point and make some fellow that was just as unlike anybody else in the world, and take special pains to warp and twist and disjoint you so that you would be a peculiar case? Ever think about the egotism of such a thought? And yet we think it; and yet we say it sometimes. There is this thought: Jesus represents Himself as the Great Physician. Humanity is sick. It has been sick thousands of years. Not one of us is sound. Jesus

is the Great Physician. We sing "The Great Physician now is near," and in the same blessed verse, "the sympathizing Jesus."

Physicians have told me that their greatest trouble in the treatment of patients is in understanding perfectly what the trouble is. Some of our most eminent physicians have said to me, "The greatest trouble in practice is in the case of little children. They can't tell me *where* they are hurt, and *how* they are hurt." I have always watched closely the face of my home physician, my family physician, when one of my children would grow ill—grow very ill. I did not ask the doctor much. I just watched his face, and I always felt uneasy about my child until I could see an expression on the doctor's face telling me "I have got the case in hand now. I know where the trouble is." The trouble is in the diagnosis. Any doctor knows what to do with a fellow if he finds out what is the matter with him. But it takes a smart doctor to find out frequently what is the matter with a man. They have said to me, "The difficulty with children is in finding out, is in diagnosing the case." And whenever I could see a look of confidence on the face of my physician I ceased to feel uneasy about my child. Well, now, I want to say this to you: Jesus Christ, the Great Physician for all the children of men, stands with loving hands, and kind words, and says, "Come unto Me. I have never missed the diagnosis of a single case. I know what is the matter with you; as soon as you walk up in My presence I can put My finger on the very diseased spot. I know where the wheels broke down in your humanity. I know whether it is

the axle, or the wheel, or the tongue. I know just where you broke down." Brother, it is a blessed thought that the Lord Jesus Christ can diagnose the case of any man in the twinkling of an eye. Well, having diagnosed the case, then, if there is a Great Physician there is a balm in Gilead that always heals, relieves and sanctifies. I know not how far humanity is from where it originally was. The preachers tell us Adam was all right. I don't know much about it; never read a great deal about him. I reckon a dozen lines will cover as much of his authentic history as we know anything about. They say Adam was all right, but I know one thing, there is something I cannot find in the fourteen hundred millions of people in this world, and that is one man or one woman that is all right.

I know this much, that a ship will never go down unless some plank in her hull gives way, and it won't give away unless it's weak. When God projected Adam on this sea of sin and death he went down, and there must have been weakness somewhere or somehow. I know another thing—the devil caught Adam the very first time he baited his trap. The devil did his best on Job, and Job beat him out right on his own ground, and told him "I have done no wrong." But, brethren, I will say in love and kindness that there is a Physician who calls us all to Him and understands it all. He knows where the weak point is; He knows our troubles and what to do for us, and we all need just such a physician as this. Edison is one of our greatest scientific men on practical questions. I suppose his discoveries are worth more, and he has been

more useful in his line, than any man who has lived before him or any of his contemporaries. It is an historical fact that Edison once contracted to furnish a printing machine for a publishing house at a certain price, and have it ready to do a certain kind of work at a certain time. When the machine was finished it was just sixty-seven hours, counting the nights, until the machine was to be delivered. When he tried to put it to work it wouldn't work. He was under contract to deliver it in sixty-seven hours. He went to work diligently and persistently to work for sixty-seven hours, without one wink of sleep and one moment's rest, and just when the hour had come for its delivery he had got it in perfect working order. Then, it is said that he went to his home, ate a meal of victuals, slept twenty-seven hours, and got up a relieved and rested man. This is an historical fact about Edison. Well, brethren, God made us all. Some people say we grow up from animalculæ and monkeys. You can believe that foolishness if you want to. I believe that God Almighty made me. I don't know how you came here; but I will say this much—I believe God made all of us. God made us to glorify Him; to be happy on earth and to get to heaven. And I want to say, brother and sister, if you are not working out the ends for which God Almighty created you, if you will take yourself back to Jesus and say, "Here, good Lord, I won't run, I won't keep time; now, I am going to put up with you till you get me in running order and make me answer the ends for which I was created." If you put yourself on God, He will roll a thousand infinite works out of His hand, stop the

whole universe, and go to work on you until you answer the ends for which you were created. If Edison will labor and toil that way on a printing press, how will the Lord labor and toil to make a human soul—an immortal soul—go to work on lines in harmony with Himself, and answer the ends for which it was created?

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." A great many people say, "There is something wrong with me, but the Lord doesn't call me. He calls that man, and that man, but the Lord never calls me. That 'Come unto Me' doesn't apply to me—it is not directed to me." Isn't that strange, that a man can look up in the face of his Maker, and say, "I believe I am wrong, and I know I want to be right, but the Lord is not willing to make me right"? You might just as well say, "Here I am hungry from head to foot, and the Lord ties me hand and foot and chains me to a big tree, and then rings the bell, 'Dinner's ready,' but I can't go." One's about as reasonable as the other. Here I am all out of fix; I don't answer the ends for which I was created. Here I am with all my weaknesses and failures. The Lord calls this one, and that one, and that one, and we sing, "God calling yet," and He keeps calling, but the calls were never meant for me. The devils once held a parliament in Pandemonium to consider how they might best seduce sinners. One devil said: "I tell you a good plan; let us go all over and preach that there is no God." Another wiser old devil said: "All nature declares there is a God. There is a God in nature; men feel in their hearts there is a God. You cannot palm that off on intelligent men."

Another said: "Let us preach that there is no hell." Another said: "That will not do, because every man's conscience tells him that there is a hell. You cannot fool him with that doctrine, for he's got too much sense." Sane people will not believe anything that they ought to believe; they have just got sense enough to believe every lie you tell them, and not sense enough to believe any truth. Of course there is none of that sort here to-night.

Another devil said: "Preach to them that there is a God, heaven, hell and judgment, but tell them that God predestined a certain number to be saved and a certain number to be lost, and persuade all, everyone, that you see that he is reprobate. Well, just preach that all you can." Well, when a devil preaches that it is not surprising. I don't blame a devil for preaching such a doctrine, but when white folks get up and preach it, when Christian ministers preach it, it is an awful thing, isn't it? They say the devils agreed upon that and have been preaching it ever since. I don't know how much help they have from the pulpit, but they have had some. Devils have preached this all the time. God wills that all are elect. I believe if you are lost at last there will be a crown in heaven no one will ever wear; that if you are lost at last you will not be able to walk up to the judgment throne and say, "I am lost because I never was to be saved."

Every man in this world is either laboring to keep right, or he is heavy laden with sin. Every man is a moral or an immoral man. Jesus says, "Here, you moral fellows, you fellows that keep whitewashing yourselves every day or two until you have got coated

so that it falls off in flakes and shows that it is nothing but whitewash, come unto Me and I will mend the weak spot in your character. I will make it possible for you to do everything that in your heart of hearts you want to do. I will show you how to do, and when to do, and what to do. I will make it easy for you to do." I am not among those who separate morals from Christianity. I say to you all to-night, if a man is moral he is a Christian man, and if he is a Christian man he is a moral man in the best sense of the word.

I have heard preachers say that they would rather run the risk of the chance of a drunken loafer than a moral man. They talk sometimes as if God offered a premium, a chromo, in rascality; as if it were better to be a rascal than to be a moral man. Well, I say, if I was going on a journey, a horse, saddle and bridle is a mighty good thing to have. But suppose I head the horse the wrong way, the horse, bridle and saddle would prove a curse to me. But be sure you ride it upon the highway. Jesus Christ is the right way to heaven. You moral men that won't lie, or steal, or do a mean thing quicker than any church member or preacher would, I like you "most principally," as the old darkey said, because you are decent men. That is the claim you have upon this community. The Lord says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and I will show you one way—an easy way, and a blessed way—where it will not be an effort and a toil to do right; where it will not be a work and a labor to live right; where it will not be hard but easy, not burdensome but light." Jesus said, "Come unto Me, I am your best friend. I know you better than anybody can, all you decent

people, all you upright people." Then He says, "All you that are heavy laden and broken down, come to Me and I will help you through." They say there is a pathway on the Alps which leads up a very steep mountain, and at one part of this path an immense rock stands out from the mountain, blocking the way. They say that no human footstep ever went along this path past that rock unaided. When you are going up the Alps by this pathway with a guide, and you come to this point, the guide turns up his sleeve, baring his strong arm, and showing his strong muscles, and tells you to step on his hand. Then the guide hands you around the rock, and then you may go on safely up the path. There is a pathway leading up to heaven, but there is one point in that pathway where the traveller must receive assistance from Jesus before he can proceed on his journey. Jesus at this point pushes up His sleeve, shows His omnipotent arm and muscles, and says, "Step upon My hand, and I will help you past and around this projecting rock, and you will be saved."

Jesus came to do for humanity just what humanity must have done for it or it will be lost. Jesus says, "Come unto Me, all ye that weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." What is the matter with the world? It is tired. There are fifty thousand tired people in Toronto to-night. There is many a tired mother, boy, and girl in this town. If there is anything in this world that we ought to have now it is rest. We have been in a push and a hurry for a long time. We need rest. There is many an overtaxed brain in this town. I can look on the face of

your old merchant, and I see he is a man whose nerve forces are well-nigh run out. He cannot last much longer. He needs rest. He needs it badly. And I say, God bless the girls that work in the stores and shops of this town. I walk in and look at a lovely face, and I see that it is as pale almost as death, and I can see tiredness written on every tissue and ligament of her countenance. God bless the working-girls of this world. And I say to you girls here to-night, that you who live and work to live, and do not have much harder work than those wealthy girls toiling to keep up with the fashion, I would not pant, rear and pitch to keep up with these fashionable girls—I would not. It will kill them quicker than honest, sober, industrious toil ever can. God bless you, girls. There is a world where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. This is a world of work. There is a world of rest. But, thank God, we may get a foretaste of that rest here. The rest we need above all other is soul rest. Up to the age of twenty-four my soul was like some waters, like some lakes, like some gulfs, and some oceans. It was an ebb and a flow—a constant heaving and moving—ever at unrest. I was at unrest with myself, towards God and humanity. Ah, me! if any poor fellow was ever tired out, I think I was. I did not know what I wanted, and did not have sense enough to know what it was. When I called to God I did not know what to call it. When He said, "I will give you rest," I felt that rest settle down upon my soul. If this is rest, that is what I wanted.

Rest! rest! I felt conscious sin that day. There is

a great deal of difference between conscious sin and that hardened sin of a sinner. I felt that day as if my soul was pitching and rolling. It was like the little lake of Gennesaret when Jesus was in the vessel rolling on its bosom. The little lake was hemmed in with mountains. It was enclosed as if by the walls of this building, and the four winds seemed to contend to see which would have that lake. Ah, me! how many times we have seen that young man and lady married, and both start out on the smooth sea, and you say if there was ever going to be a happy pair, there they are; and a little while afterwards you will see the color has faded out of the girl's cheek and the young man has commenced to drink. Do not you feel, because you are secure now, there is never going to be a storm. Calculate upon the storm. That is the idea. In the little vessel on that lake Jesus lay asleep, and as the vessel began to pitch and roll His disciples ran to Jesus and said, "We perish in this storm." And Jesus stood up before them and wiped the spray from His brow, and He stilled the troubled waters. And He pulled the little lake up on His knee and dangled it like a mother would her little infant child, and the disciples said, "What a calm! how peaceful is this little lake!" Oh, brethren, when sin was heaving and pitching and tossing my soul, when it seemed like the little lake that would not rest, Jesus pulled me up and comforted me; and now not a wave of trouble rolls across my peaceful soul. Blessed be God forever that can give peace to the troubled soul. Ye restless wanderers, come to Jesus and He will give you rest. And then Jesus said, "Take my yoke upon

you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Take My yoke upon you, and you shall find rest. A great many people never get beyond getting rest. You know there is a difference between rest and resting. A man sits down and says he is tired, and when he is rested he wants to get to work again. Well, some people never get beyond the conception that religion is resting, and they want to join the Church and run into heaven with the crowd.

Out in Montana there is a little sprinkling of gold in the quartz on the surface. You may go and pick up a nugget worth five dollars on the surface. That is given gold. That much is given to you for nothing. Then there is some more down below. A man comes along and he sinks a shaft five hundred feet, and strikes a rich vein of gold, and gets that gold that is down below. That gold down there is earned gold. Jesus says, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." God gives us enough to make us find out what it is like, and then He says, "Pitch in now and get some more." There is a stream of water running and rollicking down the mountain side, and by and by it says, "I am so tired and want a rest"; and by and by some kind friend comes along and places a dam in the stream, and the placid waters pile up against the dam and rest against the dam. And then after the stream has rested for a long time it begins to breed mosquitoes and miasma, and it wants to go to work again. It wants to go on rushing down through the country, to turn the wheels of factories and mills, and it says, "Let me go now; I am rested enough." Now, brother:

sister, when Christ pulls you up in His arms and you get rested, say : "Master, I am rested, I want to go to work and do Thy service as I never could do it when I was so tired." A tired horse cannot work. God knows you cannot work if you are tired. Go to Him and get rest and then take rest and your work. The yoke is an emblem of submission. You see that while on the hillside the ox eats when he pleases, drinks when he pleases, lies down when he pleases, gets up when he pleases, does as he pleases. But if that ox be put to a yoke, then when the master says Go, he goes, and when he says Come, he comes, and when he says Eat, he eats, and when he says Drink, he drinks. Instead of being his own master, he is his master's ox. You see that old sinner ramping around. He says he does as he pleases. I have seen many an old sinner bragging about his freedom—free to get drunk, to tell lies, to have three or four wives—he can just run his own way. He is free and he belongs to the devil's chain-gang. Many such a one goes about talking about freedom, and if you go within ten feet of him you can hear the clank of the devil's chain. Jesus says, "Come, you free fellows, take My yoke and do as I say, and go as I say, and be as I say. Come and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." Bless God for the religion that makes men not do wrong, but do right.

"Come, take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me." Christian people twenty years in the church—twenty days in the church,—there is no rest like that which the people of God find in the active enjoyment of religious life—of religious activity. You can no more

be a Christian without work than you can be a decent citizen of this town without doing something. There's a lot of religious vagabonds in the world. If they had done no more for man in their business than they do for God, they would be taken up for vagrancy and put in the chain-gang. God pity a fellow when he thinks all there is of religion is to make a profession and join the Church. What would you think of your boy if he went to college and matriculated and passed first, and came home the next day and said, "I have joined; they took me in, and put my name down in a book, and I'm a graduate." You would bring him home again, and that would be the end of that; and yet people will join the Church, matriculate, and then do nothing more in the world. Who are the grandest Christians in this world? The Christians who are most active in the performance of their duty—men that have to work or die. "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, and ye shall find rest to your souls: for My yoke is easy and My burden is light." I have been working fourteen years,—some of them say I have worked mighty hard. I thank God I have reached a point where

" Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
For Thou, my God, art here."

Talk about over-work. I like a George Whitefield kind of preacher. Some one said to Whitefield, "You must not preach but four hours a day, and six on Sunday," and Whitefield answered, "Do you want me to rust to death?" When I can't preach three or four

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times a day I feel sort of lost. The more you work the better you like it, the more efficient you will be, and at the end of the term your pastor will say, "Good Lord, give me another church just like this, another membership just like this." But some preachers will say at the end of the term, "If I don't strike a better crowd than this I'll quit." Ain't that so, Brother Benson? I mean when you were at that other church. "Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly of heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

Brethren, after all, religion—good, pure, active, blessed religion—is just this illustrated. Here is a girl to whom a friend has given a beautiful casket inlaid with pearls and diamonds and many beautiful stones. She receives it and sets it on the table in the parlor. She says, "How beautiful it is. It is an ornament for my centre-table in the parlor. I am so thankful for it." She kept it as an ornament. It was beautiful. But one day as she was handling it carefully—as she always handled it—she touched a secret spring, the lid flew open, and she found its real value was the present within. Brother, sister, religion ought to be the ornament of our lives, it ought to make us ornaments to the world. My religion ought to be something to adorn my life and character. And then when death touches the secret spring, then my religion flies wide open, and there is God, and Heaven, and everlasting life, to be mine forever. Thank God for the peace before us. We have had hard times in our homes.

We have lost our loved ones—our fathers, some of us—our children, some of us—our neighbors. Death is doing a fearful work, but, brethren, I'll tell you how it looks to me sometimes. Here is a lady and gentleman. They have just married. They have abundant means. They have settled on a location to build a beautiful residence. They have found a beautiful grove; but in the centre of the grove is an old dilapidated house, nearly ready to fall. They ride up to it and walk over the premises. The wife says, "Let's buy this. We can put our flower garden here; the avenue will run up here, and our house will be here." She says, "This is the very place." He buys that place, and sends a note to the family in the old dilapidated house, "You must leave next Monday. We are going to tear that house down and put up a beautiful mansion." Next Monday there is a crowd of carpenters, brick-layers, and other workmen, with their tools. They begin to tear down that old house nearly ready to fall down. The family move out. The builders go to work and in a few months there is a beautiful residence and a happy family. The Lord God says, "This old house of humanity is giving way; the weather-board is coming off, the mud-sills are giving way. The shingles are decaying. I am going to move you out. I want to put up an elegant building that will be a joy forever." My mother and father have gone. I will go out; but when God moves us all out, He says, there will be a new heaven and a new earth. Maybe on these beautiful slopes in Toronto, when God removes it, you will locate the whole business, and you will

rejoice that this is the new heaven and the new earth. God is extending the streets of the new Jerusalem right in front of our houses, and street-cars, not drawn by tired horses, will take us from one end of heaven to the other. May God help us to feel that all things work together for good. Pray for me as you go. God's blessings be upon you now, and forever. Amen.



SERMON II.

Preached in Carlton Street Methodist Church, on Sabbath morning, Dec. 12th, 1886.

I WANT to read a few verses to which I would have you give special attention:

“Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

“Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

“For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.”

I have read these words from the 11th and 12th chapters of Ecclesiastes. I will now read one verse from the 14th chapter of Romans, 12th verse:

“So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.”

Then in Revelations we have this verse:

“And the books were opened; and another book.”

And now we read the text, and if you remember these verses we have just read, it will help you in listening to the discussion of the text. And I say at this point that by special and earnest request of parties I shall preach to-day a sermon which I preached at Mutual Street Rink; at least I will endeavor so to do. My mind lies more upon another line of thought, but

God helping me, and you by your prayers, we can get good out of this subject to-day. The text we announce is this:

"What I have written I have written."—John xix. 22.

There are three things—two things and one Being—that I had to do with yesterday. I have to do with them to-day, and I shall have to do with them forever. They are Conscience Record, God—those three. My conscience is the reigning prince given by God Himself to reign over my actions, approving the right, disapproving the wrong. Conscience! the voice which I have heard a thousand times! Conscience! that something which makes me unhappy when every one around me seems to be happy! That something which keeps me awake at night, sometimes, when the bed is soft and downy, and everything else invites sleep. That something that when I sit at the well-loaded dinner-table will not let me eat. It bids me say to the tempting dishes, "Go aside; I will have none of you." Conscience! that something which makes me ache, and gives me pains and pangs that an angel cannot cure. The poet was well-nigh right, and must have felt and appreciated these facts, when he said:

"What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
That teach me more than hell to shun,
This more than heaven pursue."

Where is the man or woman here to-day that never felt the pangs and pains of an outraged conscience? Conscience! That something which says "Thou oughtest not," when temptation is presented; which

says "Thou oughtest to do this ; thou must do this," when duty confronts you. How often have we persisted in the wrong when conscience cried, " Stay, don't do that !" How often has conscience cried, " Murder ! murder ! don't do that !" and yet persistently we have done the thing that conscience has been faithful in its warning against. Oh, sir ! Oh, madam ! How often folks trifle with a conscience that will stab like a dagger, and will hurt you when all other pains have ceased. Conscience ! their Record ! I not only have a conscience, but thank God for a conscience. The pangs and pains of an outraged conscience are to the soul what the pangs and pains of the flesh are to an outraged body. A pain in my lung is a fount of mercy, telling me, " You need the attention of a physician ; you have outraged this lung or that lung." A pain in my head signifies " You need rest." It is a voice telling me there is danger nigh : " You have stepped beyond the limits of prudence in a physical sense." Yet how unwilling we all are to bear pain. How we shrink from it and seek to avoid it. We would meet the conditions where pain is not, but we would not suffer pain. How we ought to thank God that the element of pain is constitutional and inherent in man ! God put pain in that finger to protect it. God put the possibilities of pain into that lung to protect it. When it speaks out it says, " Send for the physician," and every time conscience makes you quake in your soul it says, " Something has been going on wrong, and you need the great Physician, Jesus Christ, the Saviour of souls, to heal you." Then, I say, we have Record just as we have Conscience. A man

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without a record would be an animal. Such a man would be simply a cipher in God's universe. You have your record; I have mine. Yours is as hidden from me as mine is from you. But you and God know what your record is, and I and God know what my record is. You know your record! You know whether you have ever stolen anything, whether you have ever lied, whether you have ever been licentious. You know who you are and what your record is, and there are times when your eyes are turned upon it, that it brings suffocation, almost, to soul and body. My God, what a record! My record! Remember, God tells us again, "That which you have done most secretly shall be proclaimed upon the housetops by-and-bye." My record is as much a part of me as my hand is a part of my body, and is as inseparable from me as my hand is inseparable from my body. Ah, but you say, "The surgeon can take that hand off!" No; really he cannot. It seems that he can, but he cannot. I was sitting by the side of an old soldier some time ago. He shook his empty sleeve in my face, and said, "Oh, how that hand and arm hurts me! It has been itching, burning most terribly." Why," I said, "there's no hand and arm there!" "Ah," he said, "it looks like it's gone, but it's as surely there as it was before the battle of Gettysburg, where I lost it. Many a pang and pain in those fingers and that palm and wrist tells me that hand is not gone." And your record is just as inseparable from you as the arm or the hand is inseparable from your body.

Now what is your record? What is your record as a Methodist? What is your record as a citizen? What

is your record as a father? What is your record as a mother? What is your record as boys? What is your record as girls? Ah, me! as I look out upon this world of sin and sorrow, I believe the saddest sight that meets my gaze is a heart-broken mother—a mother whose boys just jump right upon her tender heart with their boot-heels and crush every drop of blood out of their mother's heart. Boys! boys! give me a record of anything rather than the murder of a precious mother. A mother said to me in Toronto: "I'd rather go into my coffin and be buried any moment than smell the breath of whiskey upon one of my boys." See what your record is in reference to mother, for mother will soon be gone. She won't be here much longer. Boys! boys! girls! girls! a mother in heaven shall be a mother for ever, but never send a mother to heaven with a heart full of scars. God bless you, young men. Stand up to your mothers, boys, and never give them a pain or a pang on your account. And girls, be good to mother! Mother is your best friend. The best friend a girl ever had is her precious mother. Girls, be good to mother, and let her say at the judgment or in eternity, "Here is a child that never gave a pang or a pain to my heart." Record! What is your record as a voter? People must have records as voters as well as in everything else. God save Toronto from the curse of voting badly. God help you to show at the final judgment that not only did you live for Christ and love for Christ, but that every half chance you got you voted on a line with the teachings and gospel of Jesus Christ. If everybody that prays to God would vote the way God wanted him to vote, you would

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redeem this whole world for Christ. You never can make a community or city what God wants it to be with bad men in office. I have said it before to you, and I have said it in other places, and I say it now again to your faces, that I believe this is the best city in this land that we know anything about. Morally, I believe, you are the best city. Oh, brother, let me say to you this—a great deal depends upon the men you throw to the surface. I bless God for the life and character of the city that can throw to the surface such men as the mayor of your city. I say to you—you want thirty other men sitting by his side just as good as he is; and I am sorry to say you haven’t got them. I know there are a hundred, and maybe a thousand, men in this city as good as he is. Hunt them up, brothers.

Some one of you says: “Mr. Jones, have you anything against any of the officers of the city?” No; God forbid. I feel always and everywhere just like the boy said he felt when his sweetheart said she would marry him—as if he “had nothing against nobody in the whole world.” I feel that way here and everywhere. It is for the children of the city that I plead. That’s it. God bless you, and give you a government as good as your church and general habits. That’s what you want. We are beginning to wake up to the state of things down South, if you will allow me to digress a moment. As I told them in Omaha, “You have turned your attention to real estate and money making and business methods, but you trample the law under your feet, and throw your bar-rooms wide open on the Sabbath, and do traffic on the Sabbath just as you

would on any other day." And yet there's on the statute books of Nebraska as stringent a Sunday law as in Toronto. But in spite of that they trample on that law, and will by and by trample on all laws. I told them: "You have anarchism already set up, and communism is thriving with you. To-day, with your millions set out before you, you know not when the torch of the anarchist will be applied to your house." God give us a law-abiding people. That is the only hope of this world. Any infringement of the law is an infringement upon the rights of every child in existence. If you want them protected you had best see the law is enforced; and if you don't enforce the law, abrogate it and say "We have no law." Then we have the thing right, and can elect our own devil, and run an opposition hell. Record! as citizens, as fathers, as mothers, as individuals!

Every man is making his record day by day and hour by hour; and it is with my conscience, scarred and lacerated as it may be, and with my record established, with conscience and record pointing like index fingers right up into God's face, that I must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. Well may the poet say—

"It is not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

Men say, "I don't believe in brimstone or hell." Let me say to you that this is the only natural hell which I believe in—a hell which is the natural and legitimate end of a life misspent. I believe God was as merciful in His constitution and structure of hell as He was in His constitution and structure of heaven. I say to you

this morning that the finest description of hell ever given that I know of was the description an old colored woman gave when a little boy came to her and said, "Auntie, the preacher preached of fire and brimstone burning us up. Where does God get His brimstone from?" The old woman said, "Ah, honey, every sinner takes his own brimstone to hell to burn forever." And that is the only constitution of hell I can see at all in its broadest and grandest sense. I don't believe in a fire-box where God shall judge a man some day and then tie his hands and feet and order an angel to lift the lid of the fire-box, and another to shove him down, and they shut down the lid upon him and let him burn there forever. I say hell is the legitimate, natural and eternal home of a man that does not live right, and it is the right place to put him. He could not live anywhere else. You make your future place to suit yourself. If a man is judged according to the deeds done in the flesh, and rewarded accordingly, then I say to you, and I believe, that we make our hell or our heaven to live in in eternity. Conscience! Record! God! And with our conscience and our record we must meet the Great Eternal as He sits upon the throne at the final judgment bar. Judgment! Judgment is a forensic term—a court term. In an ecclesiastical sense it means simply a final session, where God shall judge every man according to the deeds done in the body. If we would, by analogy and illustration, bring this subject before our minds so that we can see it clearly and profit by it, let me say first this—that all violation of the law must be punished, or the criminal must flee justice and get away.

Now if a man violates the statutes of the province of Ontario there are only three ways for him to escape punishment—by force of law, by force of testimony, and by force of pardon being extended by the Governor-General. I grant you, a man can violate the law in this city or province and run away from justice. He might bribe the Grand Jury so that they would not find a true bill; he might bribe the judge himself and thus escape justice; he might bribe the jury to which his case might be given. Such things as these have been done in other countries, if not in this country. But when a man is arraigned before the courts of this country there are only three ways by which he can escape:—first, by force of law. If a man is arraigned before his country here in Ontario, and is brought into court, and one witness after another swears to his guilt of the thing of which he is charged, and the evidence is conclusive as to his guilt, then the judge upon the Bench says: "Gentlemen, the crime is proven against the prisoner, but there is no law upon the statute books of Ontario which says that it is a crime, and you must acquit this man, because he has violated no law of this province." Then the man is acquitted by force of law. And if it is a crime according to the laws of Ontario, then one witness after another is introduced until finally the last witness has testified, and then the judge says to the jury: "Gentlemen, the witnesses have not made out a reasonable case against the man, therefore you must acquit him." And the jury, finding insufficient evidence to convict the man, acquit him, and he is acquitted by force of testimony. But if the crime with which the man is charged is a

fact by law and testimony, then the only chance in the universe for his escape from justice is the clemency of the Governor-General. If we were judged by these rules before God the great Judge, how would we come out? Could we be acquitted by force of law?

Is there a man here to-day who can look this book (the Bible) in the face and say, "I never broke a law of that book." You moral fellows, now! Can you say that? I want to tell you right now, this is the book that will open up before you. It'll be the same book, and you're going to be the same man as you are now. Some men say, "I don't like to read the Bible at times." What! because you feel it will condemn you. But remember, you're going to be the same man, and this is going to be the same book. Do you hear that? Here's a man that says, "I've not violated the law much; I've only broken it in one point." Remember this, "He that breaketh the least commandment is guilty of all." What do you mean by that? Here is a boat attached to a wharf by a chain with a hundred links in it—fifty big links, ten small links, and forty medium-sized links. How many of these links is it necessary to break if we would move the boat? Is it necessary to break the fifty big ones? Must we break the forty medium-sized ones? No; if I but break one of the ten smallest links the boat is just as effectually loosened and cut free from the wharf as if every link in the chain had been cut. And so it is with God's law. If we break but one of God's commandments we are just as effectually cut free from Him as if we had broken them all.

Suppose I start from here to St. Thomas. There is

one road leading to the place, but there are a hundred roads diverging off everywhere. Now if I start on the right road, how many wrong roads must I take before I get into a wrong road? Why, only one. If I turn off into a little two-foot-wide lane, I am just as much in the wrong road as if I had taken all the hundred of them. So it is with the road to heaven. Every wrong road leads to hell, no matter how small it is, and how little you go into it. A little piece out of harmony with God, and you are altogether in harmony with hell. You moral men! Galvanized Christians! It puts me in mind of this electro-plating—this silver plate the agents used to sell to the colored people down South. They would brighten up an old candlestick and make it look like silver, and just as soon as they had done they would hurry up and get through their talk and get their money, and before ten minutes they were out of sight and the thing would begin to fade at once. There is a good deal of this galvanized Christianity just on that line. You cannot work from the outside with salves and splints and court-plaster. God bless you, your disease is a blood disease. You have to go inside to work on it. Oh, this world is hopeless without a remedy for the blood; without an internal remedy. You moral men, hear me! I would not take the life and character of the sweetest, purest woman in this house, and go to judgment with it. I fear somewhere in life she has crossed the line of God's law and hence she is responsible. I know that in myself and of myself I could never get in harmony with God, and I could never pass the judgment of God. I look to Jesus, for if we want to be good He stands

pledged to help us, and if you want to be bad the devil will help you. The devil has been standing up for a lot of you for a long time. He never fails you —except when you want something you haven't got; then he is always out. Didn't you ever notice that? No flesh shall be justified by works of the law. Brother, if my hope of heaven depended upon my having done one thing perfectly well, I would give up all hope and sink down to despair. I am not running on perfection in any sense when I do things, but I know that Jesus Christ is the friend of poor, imperfect men who do things in imperfect ways like I do them. If we cannot hope to be justified by force of the law, how will we get out by force of testimony? Greenleaf, our best author on testimony, tells us that no oral testimony shall be introduced or rendered to change or vary any written statement. He tells us again that witnesses who have the least reason for testifying truthfully shall be best accredited in the court.

"What I have written I have written." Written testimony is better than other testimony. Joseph Henry Lumpkin, the grandest jurist on the Supreme Bench, said he would rather trust to the smallest slip of paper than to the mightiest memory man ever had. I say, that you and I cross the line of accountability. Our hearts were blank before it, and that day you and I commence writing line upon line, page upon page, which shall be testimony by which you and I shall stand or fall at the final bar of God. That is the evidence. It is written evidence, which does not testify falsely. This written testimony, it is better than oral.

testimony. This testimony is written down just when we step across the line of accountability. Against some of us there is an accumulation of testimony enough to damn a universe, and it is all against you or me. Do you see that locomotive standing down here at your station? Few know of the little piece of mechanism attached to that locomotive. That locomotive starts out from Montreal for Portland, Oregon, and from Oregon to San Francisco, and back to Toronto, and when that engine rolls up to your station, you need not have a single word with the enquirer, but you can simply look at that little piece of mechanism, and it will tell you how many miles that engine has run, and how long it has stopped at each station, and how long it was making the whole trip. There the engine has kept a record of its own travels. If man can make an engine to keep its own record, cannot God make you and I keep our records by which we shall stand or fall at the final judgment bar. In the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, there are 700 rooms lighted by gas, night after night. Some of these rooms burn fifty lights, some a hundred, and some only five. I said to the proprietor, "Tell me how do you know how much gas is consumed in this immense building? How do you tell how much gas you use?" He said, "Come with me," and I walked down into the cellar under a dark stairway. He struck a match, and opened a little closet door, and as he opened it, he stooped down and looked at the finger on the gas-meter. This finger trembled, and he said, "Do you see that little finger? It figures the hundredth part of an inch, and shows how much gas is

passing through there, and is consumed in this hotel during this last three months ; " and with that record for that hotel, the proprietor settles up when that gas company comes around. You and I live day after day, but there is a silent pen putting down for us our acts, which you and I have to meet at the final bar of God. " What I have written I have written." Oh, awful thought ! awful thought ! I take one page of your record, your living, legible record, and expose it to you : you would break out of this church and leave this town, and never be seen in it again. There would be a record of everything you ever stole. Of course, nobody here has ever stolen anything—that is, nothing has ever been said about it. God bless you, this is all written down.

Record ! record ! record ! Every lie I ever told was written down. We talk about the Bible being true. God bless you, brothers, that record you have written of your life is just as true as God's Book is true. We talk about the Word being sacred. Why, that record of yours is just as sacred. No mother dare touch that record of her son. It is a sacred record, one by which you shall stand or fall. Record ! record ! record ! O the record of men ! What is your record, young man ? Remember this, that it goes down just as you live—where you spent last Sabbath, and what you did last Sabbath. These records go down upon this tablet of your heart, and there it stays till the final bar of God, as evidence of your eternal guilt. This record is true. It's true ! it's true ! And I want to say another thing. Men write one way on this record and in another way with their mouths. That man out there says he don't

believe in hell. Down on the tablet of his heart he writes:—"I have just told a lie." He says he don't believe the Bible is true. "Another lie. I know the Bible is the truth, the inspired Word of God." I believe God has given man power to be anything and everything except to be an infidel. I don't believe God ever gave man that power. The rankest poisoned infidels I have known I have seen converted to God and join the Church, and afterwards they have said to me, "My everlasting whangdoodle about this business was simply that of a whistling boy by a graveyard." Infidelity is nothing but such as this. I tell you when you bottom infidelity it is about nine-tenths mouth. If you won't let it talk, it can't do anything. It is nine-tenths mouth, and it needs that mouth mashed every time it sticks it into anything.

The first good thing I ever heard about Toronto—I mean the first good thing, specifically mentioned, I ever heard about Toronto—was that when Bob Ingersoll came, they applied to your mayor for the privilege of lecturing, and the mayor said: "What is your subject, Mr. Ingersoll?" "Well," said he, "you know my line." "Well," said that mayor, "Mr. Ingersoll, you all may have no hope of heaven over in the States, but we have a God, and we cannot suffer your mouth to blaspheme in our town." I say, this is the first special specific good thing I heard of Toronto, and I was in perfect line with it. God help you to stand up for character, and never suffer a foul-mouthed infidel to blaspheme in your town.

Record! record! Well, now, to end my discussion shortly, let me say this: On my record I could not

stand. At twenty-four years of age I stood up with a record enough to damn a world with, and in time I stood before my God. I sought to regain my lost condition. I went to Spencer and read his theories. I have been charmed with some of his theories; but with regard to conscience and God frowning on me, I asked Mr. Spencer: "How about conscience and record?" and he says: "I don't treat on these things much. I have very little to say about them." I said, "What about conscience and record? What can you do?" "Well," he says, "I don't treat on these." "Good-bye, Mr. Spencer, I cannot rest my hope of salvation with you." I came to Tyndall, with his materialism. I find materialism in the nineteenth century is just what the old Epicurean ideas were before: Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. Do all you can, and sleep all you can, and have a good time. I believe if I had subscribed to that I would get some more hair and a tail, and get on all fours. I don't see any use in a man being a dog, and going about upright on two legs. Then I go to Darwin, with his evolution theory, and imagine myself a tree, and then a squirrel, and so on till I become a man. I say, this is a charming theory. I say to Mr. Darwin, "You tell me all about where I came from—what is going to become of me?" He says, "I don't know, I don't know, I don't know." I have closely watched humanity for the last few years, and I believe it is a lie about man coming from these little things down here. Where humanity is heading I don't know.

In Tennessee they get angry with me for condemning their fine horses. I said I had nothing against blooded

horses, but I hated to see a fellow get on one of them and ride himself to hell. I have nothing against blooded horses. The other day I saw one hundred and fifty beautiful colts, and as I looked upon those charming animals I said, "I would to God we could get society to cleanse the blood of folks some way." We are run out. It is just like as if we were going to the devil all over the land. Well, I had record enough to damn a universe. Darwin gave me no relief. I came to the cross, to the

"Cross where I first saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled away;
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day."

When I went up to that cross with a record bad enough to damn a universe, I threw my arms around that cross. There it was I learned what Christianity would do. That record of mine was washed out for time and for eternity. I have a free conscience. I put my arms around the Great Father of all the earth, and then I said, Christianity has made everything for me. My record is blotted out, and my Father puts His arms around me, and lets me call Him His child. Glory be to God for Christianity. Brethren, let us drink of His precious blood. I am glad to-day God gave me that fountain by which sinners may be saved. I am glad to-day that

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

Well, now, brethren, guilty as I was, the blood has

washed away my stains. Yonder is the judgment bar of God that charged me with drunkenness, and guilty a thousand times I was; charged me with other offences I was guilty of, and yet that record is blotted out through Jesus Christ. His blood has washed my sins right out, and God Himself will look upon His child, and you and all of us. I was justifiably guilty against the law by force of testimony, but God extended me a pardon, and saved me for time and for eternity. God help us to seek that blood and wash in that blood, and we will be saved from all those charges.



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SERMON III.

Preached in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Sabbath afternoon, December 12th, 1886.

IF we enter prayerfully into this service it will be a good service to all of us. This is the anniversary of the Sabbath-school here. Most of these children are like you and I, brother, they are grown-up children. But still, the more we are like children the more we are in a line with the Gospel of Christ. I invite your attention to the 39th verse of the 32nd chapter of Jeremiah :

“And I will give them one heart, and one way, that they may fear me forever, for the good of them, and of their children after them.”

This text is a great sermon in itself, and sometimes as you and I run over a verse like this we think the picture is perfect, and whatever is said upon a picture of truth like this ought to be simply a pointing out of the beauties and symmetry of a picture after this manner. “I will give them one heart.” Christianity has to do with the hearts of men. Christianity makes big-hearted men, generous-hearted men. Christianity appeals to the heart. It fills the heart. It moves the heart. It develops the heart. Christianity is a hearty science. It’s a science of the heart. If you say a man is a good-hearted man, you have covered a thousand of his faults with that one comment. If

you say a man is a bad-hearted man, you have covered all his virtues with a phrase that makes him infamous. "I will give them a new heart" in the sense that they shall have a common love, and every effort shall be a common effort, and every desire a common desire, every word a word of love and good-will. There are phases and comportments of humanity that can never be reconciled except through the spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We have problems now before this country, and before the United States, and before all countries, that Christianity is going to settle for us in the spirit and love of the gospel, or those questions are going to be settled in blood and death. This question of capital and labor; that is an immense question. The question of prohibition and intemperance; that makes another big issue. The question of the tariff is another big one. We have got a great many very large issues before us as a people, and if the gospel of Christianity permeated the hearts and lives of the people, these questions will be settled to the glory of God. But if you won't have them settled by the spirit of Christ, they are going to be settled by the Communistic torch, and by the spirit of the devil and selfishness and hate; and blood may flow like a river when such a spirit rules in any country. "I will give them one heart." And in the first place we say this will be a pure heart. I believe that in order that every man may have a pure heart it is necessary that he see his corrupt heart.

The charge that God made against His ancient people was this: "My people will not consider." That word "consider," in its etymological definition, means

to look at a thing until you see it. When you consider a thing, that means you have looked until you see it. If I walk into your parlor and see a picture of a beautiful landscape, put my eyes on the picture and take them off, I have glanced at it, but I have not seen the picture. I saw the towering mountains in the distance, the beautiful mansion in the valley, but did not see the picture. I just glanced at it. But now I walk right up to the picture and put my eyes on it. I not only see the towering mountain, but the very grass that tinges its base. I not only see the trees, but I see their beautiful foliage and the birds perched upon their limbs. I not only see the mansion, but I see its columns on the front; I see its windows, I see all of its apartments. Not only do I see the mansion, but I see the beautiful walk leading up to it; not only the valley, but the cattle feeding upon the meadows. And I look and look and keep looking, and now I see thousands of things that I did not see when I simply glanced at the picture. And I say to you that all humanity needs to-day for every man and woman in the world is to look at their hearts until they see them—not glance. We have glanced at our hearts many a time, but did you ever say, "Good Lord, let the light from heaven shine into my heart, and let me see it as it is, and I will see it from bottom to top; I will see every avenue and crevice and corner of my heart"? The truth of the business is, there are some things we never bring into the parlor, because the parlor is the place where company resorts; and there are some crevices and corners in our hearts that we never show even to ourselves.

Oh, my brethren, above all things on earth give me a clean heart from bottom to top—

“A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right and pure and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.”

A heart that is pure; a heart that has sin washed out of it; a heart that is made like unto the great loving heart of God. I saw the pictorial representation of a human heart once. It represented a heart full of all kinds of wild beasts, and unclean birds, and venomous reptiles. That was a hideous-looking sight. Then I saw the pictorial representation of a human heart under conviction of sin. It represented the heads of all these animals as if they were turned outward and the animals were leaving. Then I saw another pictorial representation of a heart. It represented the heart with a cross and a shining light just above it. Then I saw the pictorial representation of a backslider's heart. It represented a heart with the light faded out and the cross faded out, and the heads of all these animals, with others, turned inward, as if they were going back. Then I saw the pictorial representation of an apostate's heart. It represented a heart as the everlasting home of unclean birds, and wild beasts and reptiles.

Oh, my brethren, it is possible under the divine light of truth that a man may sell his own heart, and hissing serpents may be in some of our souls. I have more patience with any other sort of man in the world than I have with a man who carries the emblems of reptiles in his soul. What are you mad about, brother?

There's many a man here this afternoon who is mad about what he is not mad about. It is possible for a man to be just in that condition. I am sorry when a man gets to the point where he is mad, and he can't tell what he is mad about, and he is obliged to make out as if he was mad about something else. What are you mad about? A heart that God lives in is a heart that is empty of all that is not gentle and loving and kind. "I will give thee a pure heart. I will give thee a loving heart, and will eliminate from it all malice and ill-will and anger." Jesus said, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head." And Jesus said again, "Pray for them that persecute you." I had two or three fights after I began to preach. I thought that a man ought to defend his honor if he was a preacher, and that when a man insulted you, you had a right to defend yourself. I had no better sense, I was almost going to say I had no more religion. But it wasn't religion, it was sense. There's a good many people would be better if they had no sense. Some of you are just about as good as a fellow of your calibre can be. There's some of us that know a great deal better than we do. Now there is a fellow slandering me, backbiting me, telling lies about me; and I can take a stick and stop him in five minutes. And instead of using my stick on him you say I am to use my knees on him. Why, that is strange logic! I just wondered what it meant. But I found out after a while that Jesus Christ didn't want to protect the man that was lying and slandering

about me; but wanted to protect me, and the only way to protect me was to get me to love my enemies.

When Alexander wanted to conquer he mustered his armies and fought his enemies till blood flowed like a river; and he died a poor, conquered man. When Napoleon wanted to conquer he mustered his forces, and blood covered the face of the earth; but Napoleon died a conquered wretch himself on the Island of St. Helena. But when Jesus Christ wanted to conquer He said, "Put up thy sword, Peter," and Jesus walked up to Calvary and laid down and died for His enemies. Napoleon said that Alexander the Great, Charlemagne and himself were great by force, and established kingdoms by force, but Jesus Christ established His kingdom by love. And I tell you here, that love is the one omnipotent force in the world to-day. God says, "I'll give you a loving heart and a pure heart;" and He says, "I will give you a sympathetic heart." And of all the manifestations of Christianity, I do believe that there is nothing like this, nothing like sympathy—this principle, subtle and pervading, of spiritual sympathy. A man of great sympathies! That is a wonderful thing to say about anybody. A man whose sympathies do not simply end at the root of his tongue. There are a great many people who can talk volumes, especially when talking don't cost them anything; but the kind of sympathy that will do a man good, and do the world good, is the sympathy of the heart, and which runs down in a great, big, thick stream to his pocket-book, and from his pocket-book to his right hand, and leaks out of his right hand into the hand and pocket of the person he is sympathising with.

There's many a man who reminds me of a rebel down South, who could whoop and holler after each victory which the Southern troops accomplished, and who would say, "We can lick the Yankees every time." But a friend came to him one day and said, "I see that you are overjoyed to see our troops victorious. Right down here is a poor woman whose husband was killed yesterday in battle by the Northern troops. We are trying to do something for her and her destitute family; will you give me five dollars to help buy them some fuel, and some clothes, and shoes for the children?" "Oh," he says, "I'm not glad that way. I am rejoiced that they have got the victory, but I am not glad that way." And many a time a Church member is glad to see the work go on, but when you come to touch his pocket, to ask him to contribute his resources, he says, "I'm not glad that way at all." And sometimes one will say, "I am so sorry to see the Church and the cause of Christ languishing and going down;" but when you say, "Are you sorry enough to pitch in and help us to build it up?" he says, "I am not sorry that way." We have a mighty lot of a certain kind of sympathy, but we have not got the deep sort that will manifest itself in a prompt and earnest response, and that is the sort of sympathy we want.

The truth of the business is that all the religion of the world ain't within the church walls. There are women who, if a religious thought struck them in their beds in the middle of the night, would want to get up and dress and run to the meeting-house, and that's the only kind of religion they have got. But nine-tenths

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of the religion in the world is never within the church walls. It is outside performing acts of charity, rescuing that perishing one, and doing good to that poor one who needs it sorely. We come into the house of God simply to enjoy ourselves, and it is a religious festival, but the real religion is out in the streets doing good and rescuing the perishing. Some people's idea of religion is to run to the meeting-house, and they do it so as to enjoy it, but good Lord, in mercy save us from such a false notion! What is the matter with us? "I will give you one heart," and that heart shall be a pure heart, a loving heart, a sympathetic heart, and a thinking heart, and a heart full of desire to do good. Then again, he said, "I will give you one heart," and then telling us what sort of a heart. That is all from this book—and he said, "I'll give you one way." I am mighty anxious to see the millennium. I am. My! My! How I would love to wake up some morning and find the last sinner dead, and have the earth out of sin and full of goodness and life! We preachers, I suppose, would have to look out for some other way to make our living, go a-plowing or making boots, or something, but (turning to the ministers on the platform) wouldn't you and I be willing? Why! we could save enough out of the sale of the instruments of wickedness in twelve months to live on all the balance of our lives. Locks and gaols! We could sell them all out. This land would flow with milk and honey if the earth were filled with good religion, and sin were abolished! Discharge all our police and—and—all our aldermen. And you have got twenty-three of them that you ought to discharge, and whom I

hope you will discharge when you have an opportunity on a future occasion. I say we could banish all our locks and prisons, sell them out, and the dividends from these things that we now carry on simply to protect ourselves against bad men, we could live upon for years to come and have nothing to do, like the Salvation Army, but just march round and sing and shout for joy.

"I will give you one heart, and one way." Now if you will just listen a moment I think I can tell you about all that is in the way of the progress of the world towards Christianity and the millennium. I'll tell you how you can bring Christ down to the earth at once, some of you Second Advent fellows who are in a hurry about this. You don't want to bring Him down in the present state of things; get things cleaned up. We ought first to be good, and get things into a line with God, and sympathy, and Heaven. I tell you what we want. We want the Church of God to get into a line with this one way. I will tell you about this one way. In Toronto you have about twenty different ways to heaven. God says, "I'll give you one," and you have got twenty. Here's a brother here who is going by the way of the world and money. His whole desire is make money. It is a most miserable way, and he is not alone in it. Going the way of Mammon; do you see that crowd over there? There's a-many a devil running that way. "If any man love the world, the love of God is not in him," and "the love of money is the root of all evil." And I'll tell you why the love of money hurts worse than any other sin. You know when a

man gets drunk on whiskey, why, a hundred people will meet him and say: "John, I'm sorry to see you in this condition. Come, my man, give it up. We all want you to give it up, and we are praying for you." And his wife will take him to one side, and plead with him and say: "Please don't drink any more; quit now; I am praying for you all I can; don't drink any more." And they work with him and expostulate with him to get him to quit drinking. But, sister, your husband has been drunk for years; drunk on money from Christmas to Christmas; and yet you did not talk to him about it. And the ministers did not talk to him about it, because they were afraid to make him mad, and would rather let him go down to hell than get up a row. There are lots of men in this town who have been drunk on money for thirty years. If your boy is trained by you not to get drunk on whiskey only because he is not likely to make money if he does, it might be better for the boy that he had not been trained so at all; for I have more respect for a man who gets drunk on whiskey than for a man who is drunk on money, because you can't get any satisfaction out of money. You can't drink money, and you can't swallow it—and whiskey does go down, you know—and I have more respect for a man who gets drunk on whiskey. He'll quit if you work him right. But here is a man drunk on money and he won't quit, and nobody urges him to quit. You are a wife whose husband is worth half a million dollars, and who is drunk on money. You know you don't talk to him about it, for he allows you so much, and you're afraid he'll cut your rations off. Pile up the money for

Sally and the children! And six months after you are gone Sally and the children will have the best carriage in the city, and Sally will have her new teeth. Oh, I've seen it—you can't fool me.

"I'll give them one heart, and one way." God never did lay out the road to heaven by the way of Mammon. I would not have any of you here believe that I say that a religious man ought not to make money. Abraham was very wealthy, but a one-tenth line was always drawn by him in his riches, and one-tenth, a full tenth, was God's before he had anything for himself. He gave God the first-fruits of all his offerings, and when you find a wealthy man who is dividing in this way with God you'll find that he will prosper. But I am talking of those fools who, when they get hold of a dollar, hang on to it so tight that they make the eagle squeal. Here is another crowd. They have started out on the fashionable way to heaven. They wear better clothes and have the biggest entertainments of anybody in town. What disgusts me most of anything I know is to go to one of these people and ask him to give \$500 for some good cause. But he "cannot possibly spare it," and the next night he has in his house an entertainment that costs a thousand dollars! God Almighty cheques on a man, and the man suffers the note to go to protest. Next day the very same man walks down town and buys a piece of town property and gives \$10,000 for it. Well, now, God Almighty is watching you. And you think you will be lost on account of your worldliness, but you will be lost for lying. Don't you see? You said you hadn't the money for God's cheque, but you signed a cheque

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for twenty times the amount for a piece of town property. Brethren, if we never do anything else, let's cash God's cheques as they come, and let's be all good men right along this line.

Then there's the fashionable route. This is Brother Stafford's church, and he ain't here, and I don't want to talk hard about his crowd in his absence. I could tell you things in this church and the church round the corner. There is a certain clique in this church who are fashionable. They don't mix with the common people. You know that. You know there's people in this church you don't visit any more than if one set lived way up in Greenland and the other down in South America? Ain't that so? Why, when you get to heaven and the angels introduce you to some of these others, you will say: "Why, the angels got me in a crowd and made me receive an introduction to a sister I never knew down there on earth in the Metropolitan." Take care. These people you don't recognize here may be ashamed of you in heaven. You better look out along that line. Methodism never could do much at being fashionable. Somehow or another the other churches get them when they run out in that line. I mean some other churches. And I've known a church to sit right still—this way—and never move until they would move their mouth and say, "If you want to get into society you've got to join our church. You're obliged to join our church." Obliged to do it! A fashionable Methodist always looked like a poor man at a frolic to me. There's a want of harmony about him with the whole business. A set of Christians that have got nothing but religion to run on, and their

religion is played out, and they've taken up fashion and are running on that! Sister, let you and I love God and be faithful to Jesus Christ, whether we do anything else in the world or not. Methodism was born in revival fire and has lived in it, and when we come to the days when we haven't got the spiritual vigor to keep up the revival influence, the Methodist Church will die, and it ought to die, for it's got no business in the world. Brothers, and sisters, too, sometimes want to live in the best houses in the city and give the finest entertainments of any. It is secretly known in the Church that that's where they resort to cards; that's where they have progressive euchre; there's where they have the wine suppers. My! my! what a pest that is in the Methodist Church! I've seen churches where these things weren't so much out of place, but before God, they're out of place in the Methodist Church. There's no doubt about that. If we are Methodists, let's recollect that we promised to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, and that we would not follow or be led by them; and if we do these things we cease to be Methodists, and the only thing that connects us with the Methodist Church is that we have our name on the book. God preserve the Church as pure as she was when Wesley started out and said:—"Those who believe with me and are consecrated to God, step out and go with me into the service of the Master."

Now here's another way to God—the card-playing route. Oh, they say, there's no harm in cards. "Why," one person says, "my mother was the best woman I ever saw." I said once in preaching that I wanted to see

one man who enjoyed religion and didn't pray in his family. A fellow said: "My father was a mighty good man and never prayed in his family." "Where is your father?" "Ah, he's been dead for five years." I said, "Don't take me to the graveyard to hunt good folks. Show me a good, live, kicking one. That's the sort I want to look at." I don't like people to take me to the graveyard to show me good folks. I've been through many a graveyard. I never found the epitaph of a bad man there yet. All good. But that's just the way I'm met by these people saying, "My mother was so and so." "Sister, is your mother living?" "No, sir." "Well, let's drop her case, and leave it with God." "Sister, is your mother living?" "Yes, sir." "I want to see her a few minutes. I'll soon find out whether she's a Christian or not. I'll take her own testimony." And I have often done it. I say, "Your child points to you, and says you are a Christian. Are you a spiritual-minded woman?" And the answer has been, "No, sir; I'm sorry to say I'm not, and never was in all my life." Yet they will say, "My mother was a good woman," when she knows and says she's not. I'm sorry for the girl who will say her mother isn't good. Card-playing route!

Then we have got dram-drinkers in the Church. I'm sorry that is so. Do you know that when I was preaching here before I smelt liquor on members of the Church. That's so. And beer, too. Well, I can have some sort of regard for the Methodist who will drink a little whiskey occasionally. But these beer-drinking Methodists are the lowest down cattle I ever met in all my life. Beer-drinking Methodists! Sister, cool

off your dish-water and drink that. It's a heap nicer, and in a week or two you'll get to liking it better. It's a mere question of cultivated taste. And some of you good women drinking beer for your health! I believe nine-tenths of those diseases that are sweeping men and women off by the hundred are caused by this business of beer-drinking by people for their health. I have said before—When my wife and children get so that nothing but beer will keep them alive, I'm ready to get up a big funeral and have it all over at once, and say I've got no wife and children. I'd rather have it so than have them swigging this infernal beer everywhere round—for their health, you know; for their health!

"I will give them one way." And that won't be a beer way either. It won't be a dram-drinking way. "I will give them one heart, and one way." It won't be a prayerless way. Some people are trying to get to heaven without a word of real earnest prayer. Day after day passes over their heads, and not one single earnest prayer breathed out to heaven. Of how many in this audience can that be said to-day? It won't be a worthless way. There are a great many people trying to see how much work they can leave undone and still be at peace with God; how many privileges they can deny themselves and still get to heaven. It won't be a worthless way nor a way of religious vagabondage. It will be a useful way, a way of prayer, a way of effort, a way of duty, a way of love, a way of righteousness, a way of peace.

"I will give them one way." Down in my own town last summer I was preaching at the tabernacle meeting

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there, and I said to the people: "Brethren, Cartersville has about 2,500 people. We've got about 1,200 or 1,500 Church members—most of us in the Church. I'll tell you what's the matter with us. I'll be moderate. We've too many ways to go to heaven. God says He will give us one way. We've got a dozen right in this town. I'll deal fair with you, God being my judge. If we will meet next Wednesday I will call up the dancing members and I will say, "This dancing we believe to be wrong, and we want to hear you dancing members stand up and testify upon your honor and before God whether dancing conduces to piety. Do you feel more spiritual-minded while you are on the floor cutting the pigeon-wing? Do you feel in your heart of hearts that dancing is a pious game? Do you feel in your hearts that you are better men and women after the dance than you were before? Do you think the best way to get nearer to God is to have a dance every day or two? If you will testify that dancing helps you to be religious, and helps you to be good, and helps you to live right; if you will testify so, in order that we may have one way we will adopt the dancing route and put a dancing-hall in every member's house, and will have movable pews in the church, and every Wednesday night we'll move the seats and have a dancing meeting. If dancing is a good thing, let's all assist; if it's not, let's all give it up." Ain't that a good idea? "I will give them one way"—one way; one. If it's the dancing way, good Lord, let's all get into it. I'll never denounce it any more while I live, if it's a good thing. Every person who feels dancing helps him to be good, helps him to

do good, please stand up. I want to see how many there are. Oh, you needn't be straining your neck, there ain't enough of 'em going to get up. Well, if it ain't a good thing and don't help us, let's give it up, and let's have one way to the good world. "Well, then," I said, "now all of you card-playing crowd listen to me now. If progressive euchre helps me to be patient, and gives me a clearer insight into the divine nature, and makes me more prayerful and more useful and generous; if it is a good thing for Church members, meet us on Wednesday and testify that it helped you to be good, and gives you a clearer insight of God, and helps you to be religious. If you will testify that, every member of the Church will adopt progressive euchre, we will get us a deck of cards and spread them in every house, and on Wednesday night, after the dance is over, if there's any time we'll have a game of cards till daylight. If it's a good thing let's run it right.

Thank God for the move here in this town. As I understand it, the Methodist women, the Methodist ladies, have organized amongst themselves and visited one another, and said: "This thing of dancing and card-playing shall not be continued in Methodist families." Thank God for that. There's many a little spider-legged dude will turn up his nose at that and won't like it. What do you want with him anyway, only as a curiosity? If there's a human being on God's earth I feel sorry for it is a little fellow with his hair parted in the middle, and he looks like he was melted and just poured into his pants. I don't think I ever saw one I didn't feel profound sympathy for. Now,

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don't anybody call me vulgar, for I have described the animal exactly, and he walks your streets to-day. That is the sort that complain whenever these games are denounced—these games that lead your children to these dissipations; that is the sort you turn out of your front door when you put a stop to these dissipations. Let them go; keep right on, and I'll tell you what will happen. Every Methodist woman in this town that stands out against you at first, will either join you or will say, "I will go to the church where I can have peace." There are churches where you can have peace—the peace of a cemetery, the peace of a graveyard. The Lord have mercy upon us and help us to give up those things and fall into the one way that leads from earth to heaven. "And I will give them one heart, and one way." If dancing is a good way, let's all go that way. If card-playing, if progressive euchre, if dram-drinking is a good way, let us all go into these things; and let us all renounce them if they are bad. "I will give them one heart and one way, that they may fear Me, for their good and for their children's good after them."

Now a word more—for I have talked longer than I intended to. Don't anybody say, "I thought Mr. Jones would have had something kind and loving to say, and I didn't think he would go to quarrelling with us again." About nine-tenths of my business is just to go round and worry people into heaven. You notice that the text says, "And for their children's good." In the first ten years of my life as a father I loved to plan for the enjoyment of my children at my home. I wanted my children to be happy and enjoy them-

selves at home. Now, for these last six or seven years I'll tell you how I went along. I planned and worked for the eternal good of my children. Mother, do you dress your daughter with any reference to anything but her physical person, and her pride, and her notions? or is every dress that is made for that daughter made with a thought of her spiritual, her eternal good? Father, do you train your boy with an eye to his eternal good hereafter? The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. And I want to tell you right now, when my daughter is grown, and in the providence of God if it is her lot to marry, when she leaves my home I will say to her: "Daughter, your father has tried to make home as pleasant as it could be to you; now, daughter, tell me what is the rule of your life, and what shall be the guiding light of your feet?" And if she looks me in the face and says: "Father, while I was in your house your word, wish and desire were the rule of my life; but when I go out from your roof the Sermon on the Mount and Jesus Christ will be my hope and my joy forever," I'll put my arms around my precious daughter and kiss her, and say: "Daughter, the height of my ambition was to send from under my roof a child just like yourself." And when my boy is twenty-one years of age, and bids the old homestead good-bye, I'll say: "Son, I have tried to teach you to be good; son, tell me who shall be the man of your counsel and what shall be the strength of your life?" He will say: "Father, your footsteps have been the mark-prints of my own foot, but I go hence into the busy world; and, father, the precious Bible that your mother gave you, and my mother gave me,

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has been, and shall ever be, the man of my counsel. I am going to live up to the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount." God grant such an answer. God grant that all my children may come to be, in their lives, examples of the words and the Christianity that their father preached, and to love the Christ their father loved. And, brethren, while life permits us let us train our children thus. God bless you to-day and help you to take these thoughts home with you. To many of you some of them do not apply, but you to whom they do, take them unto yourselves as reasons for a better life, and give yourselves to God and His service; and may God also bless these young Sunday-school people, and may the blessing of Almighty God attend us in all our efforts to do good. I want to say to you just this word: Since I was here I have been in the city of Omaha, and I felt the strength of your prayers. I never worked harder, and God blessed us in a hundred ways. I saw that city wonderfully moved. Brethren, as you hear of our work, go to your closets and pray God to help us, and I will pray, "God bless everybody in Toronto." God bless these mothers, with their boys and with their girls. God bless the fathers. God bless all the churches. God bless all the people everywhere. And, brethren, let's pray for each other, and stand by each other, and we will give God the glory now and forever.

SERMON IV.

Preached in Elm Street Methodist Church, Sunday evening,
Dec. 12th, 1886.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law."—Gal. v. 22, 23.

AS I look out upon the physical world about me I see that all vegetation bends its energy to mature fruit, and I find that all the physical world is but a figure of the moral world about us. What is true of trees is true of men in this sense—that fruitage is the ultimatum of all their efforts. I see that oak tree. In the springtime it buds and blossoms and leaves out, and then I see it gathers from all sources in earth and air, and pours its vital fluids into the little acorn, and day by day I see the little acorn grow, until I see it the well-rounded, yellow, ripe acorn. And then the tree ceases its efforts, sheds its leaves, and goes back into winter quarters. This is true of the apple tree. We see it bud and blossom, and the little apple appears. Then from the nutritious elements in the atmosphere, and from the earth around its roots, it draws supplies and pours its life current into the little apple. This process goes on, the tree bending all its energies to the development of the apple, until by and by the well-rounded, ripe, luscious apple hangs upon its limbs; then the tree ceases its efforts, sheds its leaves, and goes back into winter quarters. So with the grape, and so with

the fig, and so with all vegetation. The ultimatum of all these efforts is matured fruit.

So it is in the lives of Christian men: the ultimatum of all their efforts, and all their labor, and all their power and sacrifice, is matured fruit. "The fruit of the Spirit is love." In the hour of conversion the soul buds and blossoms into this divine fruit, and then the effort, daily and hourly, to develop this fruit, to be garnered in the skies for my use and benefit in eternity, begins. As the tree through its lungs, or leaves, begins to gather from all sources in air, and through its roots from all sources in earth, and pours into the little apple or acorn, developing day by day, so the Christian, having budded and blossomed into the fruitage of love, gathers from every source in earth and heaven and pours into this fruitage, developing it day by day. It is true, between the blossom and the mature fruit there are many intervening difficulties. When the apple tree buds and blossoms we know there are many difficulties between the blossom and the ripe apple. There are the cold frosts of March, and the biting winds of April, and the worms that gnaw at the vitals of the tree, but the tree only answers the purpose for which it was planted in the garden as it matures fruit for you. So in the budding and blossoming process in this fruitage of love in the Christian life there are many intervening difficulties before mature fruit is reached. The cold winds of neglect, and the biting frosts of temptation, and the worms of depravity that gnaw at the vitals of the tree, are so many impediments which are only to be overcome by a vigilant spirit, consecrated purpose, and a holy life. "The fruit

of the Spirit is love." As I have before remarked, the hour of conversion is the budding and blossoming process. Then we are gathering from all sources everything that would help in the development of this grace. Love of God and love of man is the boundary line of the soul, and he who loves God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself is in accord with Heaven,—for love not only doeth no evil but "thinketh no evil: it vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,"—and, with faith and hope omnipotent, he knows that love is greater than all. This fruit grows highest up on the tree and sheds its fragrance on all below. Whatever there is in secret prayer, in family prayer, visiting the sick, and relieving the needy; whatever there is in Christian duty or privilege, I would gather from all sources day by day, pouring the life-current into this fruitage, and so that I grow in love day by day. God is love, and he that loveth is begotten of God. The development of this fruitage will eliminate all envy and malice and ill-will from your hearts forever.

Love is the omnipotent weapon that conquers all enemies. When Napoleon Bonaparte looked over the kingdoms of Alexander the Great and Charlemagne and himself he said, "We conquered by force and established our kingdoms by force, but Jesus Christ established His by love; and while Alexander the Great and Charlemagne and I are so poor that none will do us reverence, yet millions to-day would die for Christ, because Jesus Christ set up His kingdom by love." Jesus, who conquered by love, says, "Love your enemies. Do good to them that persecute you,

and pray for them that despitefully use you." Then, as we are looking about us in the springtime and summer of this passing year, and see all the vegetable world about us bending its energies to mature its fruits, so "let us gather gear by every wile that is justified by honor," and let us gather every good influence up—every sunbeam from the skies, every nutritious element from earth—and so digest and use them as we can in developing this divine fruitage of the soul. The law of love permits me to do everything that is right, and knows no limit except where the law of license begins. When we love God with all our hearts, and our neighbors as ourselves, there is no limitation known by us. We are free to do anything we desire to do.

Let us as a congregation show to-day that we have budded and blossomed, and that the process of the development of this divine fruitage of the soul shall go on unto perfection. Then when this fruitage is gathered in garners in the skies, we shall be furnished everything, and he who fails to mature this fruitage here will be fruitless and barren in the world to come. Heaven is the home where no wants are known; hell is the home where nothing but wants shall reign forever.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy." There is a stream of joy that pours into the soul, and the budding and blossoming process thus begun, it is my privilege, as well as my duty, to bend all my energies to gathering from all sources that which will develop this fruitage of joy. A joyless religion must also be a Christless religion. Happiness is not always possible.

Our words "happy" and "happening" came from the same root, and happiness depends upon fortuitous happening; but joy has its source in God, and no limitations can be thrown about it. I may be joyous everywhere—joyous in tribulations, and in the fire, and joyous in the dungeon—but I fear that this fruitage of the soul has been greatly neglected by many Christian people. I believe that God would have knocked the devil on the head, and boxed him up long ago if it was not possible for Him to make the soul joyful in tribulation—in fact, if it were not possible in Christ to rejoice evermore. Let us cultivate this spirit of joy; and this joyful spirit is a faithful spirit. "Thank you," is a phrase not used enough. I shall thank God everywhere, and when His each successive mercy is shown to man we ought always to have "thank you" ready. Joy and thanksgiving are twin sisters.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace." The soul, brought to a consciousness of religion, enjoys a peace that is unspeakable and divine. "My peace I give unto you," said Christ, and it is the Christian's privilege, after blossoming into this fruitage, to so gather from all sources in earth and sky, and develop day by day, until he may have peace in spite of woe and turmoil and strife—peace, even when the cannon's roar and the musket's rattle can be heard all round—a peace that defies earth or hell to disturb its calm repose. Whatever there is in nature and all the means of grace I ought to apply so as to develop this fruitage of peace. Once a gentleman occupied a corner room in a large hotel in a certain city? He was awakened every morning by the noise of waggons, and the clatter of

horses, and the roar of the street cars. One morning he opened his eyes, and there was not a jar nor a noise. He said to himself: "Where am I? Surely I haven't left the city! This is the same room, but still there's no noise." He jumped up and walked to the window, and he saw that the street-cars were running, the waggons moving, and the horses trotting along the street, and yet all was peaceful. A second look showed him that snow had fallen ten inches deep the night before, and while the same causes of confusion reigned, yet the snow had hushed their movements into silence. So when the snow of grace shall fall about the pathway of the soul, the jars and confusions of earth shall be hushed into quiet, and the soul shall have rest and peace in spite of all earth to the contrary. Let us develop this fruitage of peace. Then let the howling storms and sweeping tempests, and even earthquakes themselves come, and we shall have perfect peace, because our souls and hearts are stayed on God.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering. Longsuffering is one of the stars of the soul, the spirit that bears everything, the spirit that never loses its patience, the spirit that says: "God has borne with me so long, I'll bear with my fellow-men even longer still." How it contrasts with this impatient character, the sort that when God forgives us a thousand pounds, we will walk out into the street and jump on a brother and maul him because he owes us a nickel. This incident related of Abraham, false though it may be, yet illustrates the point: An old traveller rode up to Abraham's gate and hallooed and asked could he get dinner. Abraham, being a

hospitable old gentleman, invited the traveller in. When dinner was announced they sat down at the table. Abraham asked his visitor to say grace, but with an oath the old man refused to do it. Abraham, incensed by his behavior, jumped up from the table, took hold of the old man rudely, and threw him out of the house. And God called: "Abraham, Abraham!" And Abraham replied: "Here am I, Lord." And God said: "What hast thou done, Abraham?" And Abraham replied: "Lord, didst Thou not hear the old sinner swear and curse when I asked him to say grace? And I simply pitched him out of my house for his rudeness." The Lord said: "Abraham, Abraham, be ashamed of thyself. I have borne with that old sinner for sixty years, and have heard him blaspheme My name ten thousand times; and if I can bear with him for sixty years, Abraham, canst thou not bear with him long enough to sit down and eat a meal of victuals with him? Be ashamed of thyself." So when we see how longsuffering God is to us, let us have God's likeness enough to be longsuffering towards others who are seemingly unkind to us. Let us develop this fruitage of longsuffering.

Again, "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness." This word "gentle" is a significant one. I have wondered whether the term "gentle," as applied to a horse were the same as when applied to a Methodist. When any one says, "I have a gentle horse," they convey the idea to my mind that he is not only harmless, but he will work anywhere, and is not afraid of anything. And when we say a "gentle" Methodist or a "gentle" Presbyterian we

convey the same idea. He is not only harmless, but he'll work anywhere in the cause of God, and is not afraid of anything. Oh, for such a Church as that, filled with such members as that—gentle members, that work anywhere and do everything for Christ. I once knew a horse, a large, muscular, beautiful animal. But he would not work to a waggon or a plow, but was delighted when you hitched him to a red-striped light buggy. He carried it almost with the swiftness of the winds; he enjoyed it. I had a contempt for that horse, with his muscular power; he could not work anywhere, and was never useful except when he was hitched to the light buggy. So I have seen many Christians. They wouldn't work anywhere, except at eleven o'clock Sunday morning service. You see them coming out to the Sunday morning service in grand style to its dress parade. But when it comes to the night service, the Wednesday night prayer-meeting, rescuing the perishing and saving the fallen, they were never known to do a turn for Christ and souls. The spirit of gentleness should be cultivated and developed until the soul is ready and willing to do the Master's bidding in everything.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness." The spirit of goodness is eminently a Christly spirit. Goodness means God-likeness. Let us develop good in all the relations of life—a good man, a good woman—the noblest work of God. A good boy, a good girl, a good neighbor, a good citizen, a good father, a good mother. When that is said of them it is affirming a great deal for them. Let us develop this spirit of goodness in everything.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith." A da'y, hourly trust in God ; such a faith as commits the soul to the love of God ; a faith that relies upon the arms of God ; a faith that takes God at His word ; a faith that obeys the commandments of God ; a faith that hears the voice of God, and governs the soul by the still small voice of Him who never misled a human step or misdirected a human soul.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, temperance." Temperance, the great regulating force in human life that makes me good anywhere and everywhere ; that regulates my life so that morally, mentally, physically, there is an equipoise that fits me for any emergency of life. Now, these graces and virtues of the soul may be planted round life's jagged, ragged, uncomely self, and round human nature's ragged, jagged uncomely self, and they will twine and intertwine like the ivy and the honeysuckle over the rocks, hiding their sharp lines, and giving them a charm unknown before. Let us develop these graces, mature them all, and in heaven, the home of God, I may sit down with these as my eternal heritage, with love and joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, temperance. Against these there is no law, nor is there to be any, hereafter. God grant us these as our heritage.

SERMON V.

Preached in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, on Thursday morning, Dec. 16th, 1886, under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

WE invite your attention for a short time this morning to the last words of one of earth's greatest men:—

“ For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

“ I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith :

“ Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing.”

I have read the 6th, 7th and 8th verses of the last chapter of the second epistle of St. Paul to Timothy. We want briefly this morning to call your attention to some thoughts suggested in these verses, and I want to say that I am always glad to put myself in line and in sympathy with Christian women in their work anywhere and everywhere. I have seen in history the old ship of morals and religion floating over the ocean of time with only one of her great wheels at work. One side of her machinery has been in full play, and the world has deemed that it should be in full play; and as I have seen this half of the machinery at full play in the water, moving the grand old vessel, I have lived and prayed that I might see the day when the

other half of the machinery, the women of our land, would be as active and as earnest in piety and good works as men were expected to be; and, with both sides of the machinery fairly at work, we will strike a bee-line to the millennium, sure. And I trust in God that the day is not far off when the women shall be active in every good word and work. I believe it is the privilege of women to work, and to work efficiently, and work persistently, in the cause of God; and I shall always have a kind, helpful word for every good wife, and for every good mother, and for every converted daughter, as she goes forth in the battle of life, winning victories for the Ten Commandments, for the Word of God, and for the good of humanity. I said when I was here before that if any being on earth should fight the devil, it is woman. You know this—the husband of a good woman the devil would destroy. You know the devil is tempting children of good women to lead them off, and you know that when the devil puts his boot upon a woman one time she never gets up any more. Above all creatures in the world that no man should deny the woman the right and privilege of fighting is the arch-fiend, the worst enemy of her husband and children. The worst enemy woman ever had is the devil. God said to each of you through Eve: "I plant in your bosom an inveterate hatred of the devil," enmity between you and Satan, and you must triumph in this world. God has planted in her heart a true hatred of the devil. I say to you, good women, you have organized yourselves in two capacities I know of. You have your Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and then I suppose you have

your Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. We have it in America. These are two organizations or works of women among the children of men. Of course, I might mention that you have your local organizations in your town, such as Orphans' Homes and Homes for the Destitute and Friendless; but I am speaking of the general organizations, such as the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. No two organizations can do more to meet heathenism in the dark places of the world and to aid the progress in our own country of sobriety and good and right. Just as a woman will put her energies into the Foreign Missionary Society she will so treasure up faith, and you go across the waters to these poor benighted women and their children; and just in proportion as you put yourself into the Woman's Christian Temperance Union with your prayers, your money and your thought, just in that proportion will you bring sobriety to the home of every mother in this country, and redeem our country from the curse of liquor. I say that at the bottom of all temperance movements in Georgia you will find good women. You will find women, with their self-sacrificing and earnest endeavors, have supported the prohibition movement in the United States of America, and I dare say in the Dominion of Canada. With this I would like to place the words of St. Paul before the women of Toronto this morning. I am glad to see so many here this unlikely morning. I am glad to see this. Now, let us take this expression: "I have fought a good fight." When St. Paul said that he said two things that you and I might weigh well this morning. He said first,

"I have come over on the good side." You know the Spirit, when St. Paul was arrested, said to him, "Rise, stand upon thy feet." I have used that text in the past, and preachers say that I took out of it a meaning more than was meant. That is strange, but I tell you how I preached that—I made it mean: "Rise, take a stand for good and for right." When a man gets on his feet he means something. When a woman gets on her feet she means something, whether in the ball-room or Woman's Christian Temperance Union. "On your feet" means ready for a conflict, ready for an assault, ready for anything that comes. Rise, stand upon thy feet. "I have fought a good fight." First, I have come over on the good side. I don't think anybody can consider himself a Christian for a minute who is not upon the right side of every issue. I believe if Christianity does nothing else for us, it will put everyone of us on the right side of every issue in morals and righteousness. I cannot imagine a Christian on the right side of one issue and on the wrong side of another. I cannot see how Christianity can make itself respectable unless it says to me, "On Christ's side of every question that comes up. Rise, take a stand, and come over to the good side."

I never knew but one woman in my life that was against the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and of the temperance cause. I was talking prohibition in one of the counties in Georgia, and one morning an old woman stood in a store, and she said in the presence of the merchant and clerks: "I wish this man Sam Jones would die before the time for him to speak to-day!" They asked "Why?"

“ Well,” she said, “ he tries to preach against the rights of the people, and take away from the people things they should have.” “ Merchant,” I said, “ who is the old creature ?” He said : “ It is a woman living in this county that has buried three drunken husbands. Now, what do you think of her ?” She had buried three husbands who had died from intemperance. I reckon she wanted to try another one. I reckon she must have been tired of all three of them, and was glad that whiskey helped her to be free again. I don’t know what else.

“ I have come over on the good side.” Well, I want to say another thing. When you come over on the good side you might simply fold your hands, shut your mouth, and if that is all you do, a stick or a rock would be worth as much as you are. A stick has no hands to fold and a rock has no mouth to shut, and with your hands folded and your mouth shut you are not worth as much on the good side of any issue as the rock or stick over on that side. St. Paul, when he came over on the right side, said : “ I have come over on the good side, and I have fought with all my ransomed power.” Woman’s best friend is woman, and woman’s worst enemy is woman. The best creature in God’s world is woman, and the meanest creature in the universe is woman. Did you know you had extremes ? What is grander or more lovely than a lovable woman ? What is worse than a poor em-bruted woman ? The one who can help you most is woman, and the one that can do most harm to your work is woman. Women have got a way when they are against each other of saying their little side remarks

about one another, and it just cuts like a dagger to the heart and paralyzes the efforts of those who meant to do good. If I could not do anything myself, I never would be guilty of an expression that would hinder or retard or paralyze any effort of a good woman in the work that she is consecrated to. We can aid one another with our tongues, and our hands, and our money, and our presence; and how much we need all these things in this movement in this city.

"I have fought a good fight." I have come over squarely and eternally upon the good side of this question. I am standing on the right side of all questions, and in addition to that I am whatever I am, whatever I can do, command me in any way. If there is a disgusting sight in the world, it is to see a woman's foreign missionary society at their annual meeting, and five present—the president and secretary, treasurer, and two old sisters—and that is the quorum for business to push forward the cause. Go up to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union meeting, and there are seven in all—the president, secretary, treasurer, and four old sisters sitting around. It is enough to discourage any people on the face of the earth in trying to do anything. Let the women never grumble at the fearful odds against them in this world. Sister, you should never grumble if you have a boy that is drunken, or a son that has gone to the dogs, or your husband is drunken. You should never say a word, because you have done nothing to prevent them from being drunken by your efforts to rescue the perishing. If it was left to your own efforts, your boy or your husband would have gone to the dogs long ago. I have fought a good fight; I

have come out on the good side, and every Christian woman in this city has in her heart a good feeling for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Her heart is with them. She should do anything for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and should show her good feeling by her presence and her influence and her power. There is nothing like organization. The difference between a pile of scrap iron lying on this foundry lot and the locomotive engine is, that the scrap iron is not organized and the engine is. There is no power in the pile of iron lying there, but there is a great power in the organized engine.

If you want to carry this point for sobriety and right, you organize. Let your organization be in perfect harmony with God and truth and right, and keep God in sympathy with you. Look at the engine as organized iron; we see it has great power, and it has speed, and you women may put into your organization force to bring about sobriety and right. I wish you could see that. What is the use in organizing and saying, "I am willing to do what I can." A great many people try to give themselves the power by saying what they are willing to do. It is not what you are willing to do, but what you do. A great many people think they are going to heaven because they are willing to do right, but the question is, "What do they do?" By thinking such they never made a bigger mistake in the world. I am perfectly willing to do this; I am perfectly willing to do that. It is not "Who is willing to do it," but "Who is really willing to do the will of God in these things concerning Him?" Every woman in this town wished she had been a force in the great

work of making this a town for sobriety and right. Sister, say, I have asked God to help me. God has promised to help me in the time of need. Temperance will prevail at last, because God is interested in temperance, and God stands by everything that is good. It is a question with us when victory will come. You can have it in twelve months, or you can be two hundred years in getting it. The Lord Jesus help us to see alike, and let us go to work and put this accursed traffic out of our land. There are women sitting here listening to me right now. You never gave those women a dollar in your life. I can stand here now and pick you out one at a time. But start up to sing "Happy on the way," and you cannot get your mouth wide enough open to sing it.

"Happy on the way." Happy about what? I never saw so many people happy as I have seen in some places when they do nothing to get happy for. "Well," you say, "what do you want me to do?" Of course, I won't ask a woman to talk. That is not in her line! But, sister, you can go in and look brave, go in and drop dimes and dollars into the treasury, and help the work along. Sister, you could do a hundred things, and God don't expect you to do anything you cannot do. You can put that down. If you cannot talk, as is the case with the majority of women, you need not say anything. The Lord don't expect it of you. If you have a dollar you can spare, slip that into the treasury. You have your influence. There is a great influence from an honest, sterling, sincere woman. I do like her—bar-tending, wine-drinking, no matter what sort—if, when the question of prohibition and

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temperance comes up, she says, "Ladies, I am against all intemperance." Are you not associated with people who do that way? If our women who claimed to be on the right side just had the courage of their convictions to say, "I don't go for that, sir; I cannot believe it is right, and this is wrong, and I cannot do it; you must excuse me"—O my! a few like that would revolutionize a whole community. I said just now, women can do women a great deal of harm; and if one tolerably fashionable, respectable woman sets her tongue against a cause, she can do a great deal of harm, and you had better be in your grave than to do that, to talk against sobriety and godliness and right. You say, I don't believe in women organizing. Sister, what do you believe in? Did you ever sit down and write out your creed? I would like to see it. It is the way some people have of helping a thing, is to pitch in and talk against it. If I can't do a thing any good I would never do it any harm. If I could not see my way clear to join a good institution like the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I would not talk against it and use my influence against it. I have come out squarely for the right, and then everywhere I can do it I put in a lick for right. Whenever I attend a meeting I try to make that meeting a good meeting. I don't suppose you have more than two or three hundred out at your monthly meetings. Do you, ladies? How many have you? (A lady: "Twenty.") There is a good sister who says twenty, with a little "t." Twenty in a city of a hundred thousand people! Twenty good women standing against odds. They are brave women; they are true women; they are praying women; they love

God. If they didn't, they could not stay organized a month on that line. Sister, go in with them; stand up and help them in every way in their work.

"I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course." When I say "finished," that means I have commenced it. You have finished that you never commenced. Listen! How would you finish a trust you never commenced. Now, to finish your life without commencing with God and right, how long will it take you? You don't intend to begin; you never intend to commence, but some day you are going to finish up. That is the way this world is run in a great many instances, and "I never have begun a religious life from the bottom; I never have started, but I am going to finish grandly some day." Can you finish something you never started. Listen! I would be ashamed of such logic as that. "I have finished my course; I have finished my course." O my! See that architect with that grand building under his supervision, and see the crowds gathered day by day; see brick laid upon brick, and rock upon rock, and by and by when the last touch to the masonry, and the last touch to the painting, and the last touch to the sculpture, and the last touch of the able workmen, has been given, and the architect walks out to that grand building and looks at it in the presence of the multitude, and says, "My building is finished. The last rock has gone into it, and the last brick has been given, and the building is finished." And so with the Christian man and woman. He has begun to build upon righteousness and truth, rock upon rock, and brick upon brick, and until the last keystone is put in the top of the arch, when he says, "I have

finished my course. It is finished and ready for God's use for time and for eternity." And when all the women of this city say, "I will be on the right and brush liquor from our midst forever"—after you have banished this liquor out of your midst you can rejoice over it and say, "The work of the organization is finished; our work has been accomplished and there is no further use for it; whiskey has been banished; our work is finished." Brother, if the day ever comes in this city that whiskey is banished, you have done it by faithfully carrying out a beginning. Let me say to you, all of you go to work and put in your licks harder and harder, and do what you have got to do. Then when you have accomplished your work you can say, "Good Lord, we have finished our work; whiskey is banished, and we only join in praising God from whom all blessings flow." This is what we want. "I have finished my course." Well, sister, then commence forthwith. Say to yourself, each of you, that there will be twenty-one women at the next meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. There shall be twenty-one the next time, and when you meet the next time these good women who have been struggling along will say, "Thank God! thank God!"

My! my! I never saw the day when I was drinking and carousing that my wife could not make me go down and vote against whiskey every morning before breakfast. Oh, she could; and, sisters, if we can get you women started right and the men keep on right until the work is done, you can say: "I have finished my work, I have kept the faith." I have worked with constant faith in God. It has been the stay of my

soul and the inspiration of my life—my faith in God. I have been always in line with perfect trust in God and triumph of the right. I have kept my faith. Then Paul said: "The time of my departure is at hand." Thank God, we all have to leave here some of these days, but thank God, I say, we can go out grandly at the time of our departure. Paul just took that great clod of a word we call "death" and threw it to one side. He didn't say "I am going to die," but "the time of my departure is at hand;" as much as to say, "I am eating my supper in this old dungeon to-night: I will have a poor supper to-night, and a poor breakfast to-morrow, but dinner—I will take dinner in heaven with the good angels. I am going to leave here. I am going from earth to heaven; from prison to freedom and everlasting bliss. The time of my departure is at hand." Sisters, when we have fought the good fight, and the time of our departure has come, we shall die in triumph and go home to heaven. St. Paul says: "There is a crown of righteousness laid up on the right hand of God for me." I am glad there is a crown for such a grand character as St. Paul; I would not have it otherwise if I could, brethren. But he said, "There is a crown laid up for me, and not only for me, but for all them that love His appearing." Not only St. Paul, but all in this town shall have a crown. A man told me once, during the meeting he gave his heart to God and he joined the Church. He said: "Jones, I had the sweetest dream last night; it was as sweet as heaven. I dreamt I was coming towards the church, and when on the road I met a beautiful chariot and beautiful horses coming right down the road to meet

me. Just as the chariot got opposite me in the road I saw a king was driving it. He stopped the chariot and looked at me kindly and said: 'Do you want to buy a crown?' I said: 'No sir; I haven't any money to buy a crown with.' He reached inside and pulled out a glistening crown and said: 'Try that on,' and I took it in my hand, and put it on my head, and it just fitted me. He said: 'I will give you that one. It is yours, to be yours forever.' I showed my wife the crown, and she was the gladdest, happiest woman I ever saw in my life. All my little children came around and they just spoke in joy and gladness of my crown, and all my nephews came in, and they gathered by thousands to see my crown. Mr. Jones, I don't go much on dreams, but I'm glad there's a crown up yonder for every one of us." There is not a woman here, if God would stoop down and put a crown on your head and let you wear it home, but all Toronto would be at your house to see the crown, and ten millions of people would see your crown before next Sunday night. The Lord help us to strive to wear that crown. God help us to be faithful, for there is a crown of righteousness laid up on the right hand of God for each and for all of us. God sanctify these to the good women of this town, for their husbands, and their children. God bless you every one. Amen.

LECTURE I.

THE TROUBLES OF LIFE, AND WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

Delivered in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Monday
evening, Dec. 13th, 1886.

THE subject announced for this lecture is, "The Troubles of Life, and What to Do with Them." I suppose that the greatest curiosity that could be presented to mortal gaze would be an unburdened human heart—a heart perfectly free from all cares and all burdens and all anxieties. Job said, four thousand years and more ago, that man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward. Just as naturally as the sparks, issuing from the burning wood, fly upward, just so natural is it for the human family to have trouble. And it is a part of his philosophy first to classify his trouble; for troubles are not only manifold in number, but they vary very much in kind and degree. I reckon we might cover all the troubles of life under two heads. First, we mention home-made troubles and borrowed troubles; and secondly, the real troubles of life. In this discussion it is necessary for us to classify, because "what to do with the troubles of life" will depend largely upon the classification. I might say that nine-tenths of the troubles of this life are borrowed troubles—home-made troubles, and home-made troubles are like everything else home-made — they outlast

everything in the world. Why, you know that home-made jeans, and home-made shoes, and home-made dresses outlast all the other jeans, and shoes, and dresses in the world ; and a home-made trouble lives as long as we live, if we cherish it and foster it, as we generally do. Now, what do we mean by home-made or borrowed trouble ? Now, I can present to you a class of borrowed troubles which will give you a general idea of what they are. Here is a good wife and a good mother. She has four children—the youngest is ten years old, the oldest sixteen or more. They run in to her some pleasant afternoon and say, “ Mother, do you care if we hitch up old John and drive over to Mrs. Brown’s and spend the afternoon ? ” Like a good mother, she says, “ No, children, if it will give you any pleasure mother would be glad for you to go.” Now, I must say a word of old John as well as mother. Old John is a noted horse. Everybody who knows him wonders at his gentleness. He loves the children as well as mother does. I am not sure if it is possible for a horse to love a child like a mother. He is kind to them, and sometimes they are all on his back at once. Sometimes they are reversed on him, sitting the wrong way, and old John guides himself, and will carry them wherever they want to go. And his character for gentleness and kindness is not excelled by any horse in the world. True, the Scripture says the horse is a vain thing for safety ; but, as an old brother said during the drouth, when they quoted Scripture to him, “ I have been young, now I am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread,” and the good old brother says, “ If this drouth lasts two

weeks longer this will be an exception to the general rule in Scripture," old John seemed to be an exception. The children hitched up old John for a drive, but mother charged them specially, and they promised to be back at four o'clock sharp. And everything goes on well, until directly the clock strikes four. Mother looks up in wonder. She looks out on the road; the children are not in sight. Now she starts her trouble machine. She says to herself, "It is four o'clock; these children haven't returned; they promised that they would; they never told a story to me in their life; I know something has happened." This is the first piece of cloth she wove out.

The trouble machine is a good deal like one of those old looms. Some of you are old enough to remember back to the days of the old looms. Did you ever see the good old housewife sitting at the loom. She uses both feet on the treadle; both hands throw the shuttle, and she puts the brooch in her mouth. She is just working all over from head to foot when she is running this loom. This good old sister pitches in and starts her trouble machine, and she works every muscle in her body. She says next: "The real fact of the case is, the last time I drove old John he got a fearful fright, and I said that moment I would never let those children drive that horse. I am not fit to be a mother. I don't know why I didn't think of it; I am sure I know that horse has run away and killed himself and every child I have got." Her trouble machine runs on, and in a few minutes she says to herself: "And then to think I had a presentiment the other night that that horse was going to run away and kill my children. I

never thought one breath of that when those children asked me to let them drive that horse off. The Lord knows, He has been faithful and warned me about these things, and it is my unthoughtfulness of my children cost them their lives." And now she has begun to pace the floor at a pretty lively gait—we call it "rack" sometimes for short. Directly her husband comes in. He looks at her and says, "Wife, what in the world are you in a swivet about now?" "Husband, those children left here at one o'clock to drive over to Mrs. Brown's with old John. They promised me faithfully to be back at four o'clock. They haven't come back. I never had one of those children deceive me in my life. They never told me an untruth. I just know that old John has run away and killed them all." "Oh, hush, wife; you're always getting on your high horse about something. The children will be here directly; I wish you'd hush and sit down and behave yourself." But she says, "I want to tell you, the last time I drove old John he took a fearful fright, and if I hadn't managed him right he would have run away and killed your wife. I tell you, he's run away and done damage to the children. I know something's happened. Why, none of those children ever told me a falsehood yet, and they promised to be back at four o'clock." "Oh," he says, "they tell 'em round here every day. Why, wife, you'll run your trouble machine if you have to misrepresent the facts to do it." "But, more than that, husband," she says, "I had a presentiment that horse would run away and kill the children, and now it's come true. I want you to go right back over the road and look for those children." "Oh, I

wish you'd hush. The children will be here soon." "Well, if you don't do it, I'll go right back and look for them myself." Well, you know what that means, brother, don't you? Well, between two fires, he starts out, and about the time he reaches the front gate here comes old John jogging up. Why, if he was to start away, the least child could jump out and head him off. He isn't going to run away. After much worrying she sends her husband to look for them, and by the time he reaches the gate, stiff in every joint, faithful in every moment of his life, old John comes jogging up the steps in front of the gate. The mother looks out and sees the children jump out of the buggy laughing and rejoicing, and she goes back in her room and sits down and buries her face in her hands and says: "What a goose I have been." And I say so, too; don't you?

There's many a featherless goose in this world. (There's many a male goose in this world without feathers.) I saw her one day at church. She didn't hear what I said; she was looking out of the door, and looking out of the window—the most restless, nervous soul I ever saw. As soon as the audience was dismissed she got up and hurried out, got into the buggy, and drove at breakneck speed. I found out next day that she had found her trouble machine there in church, and she had got her house on fire. She left some fire in the fire-place, and she was looking for the blaze out of the window about three miles away—and out of the door; and she drove all the way looking for the blazing house ahead; and when she drove up, there stood the house just as she had left it, and when she got out of the buggy and unlocked the

soon." d look means, e starts te here to start him off. ying she ne time n every up the out and ing and its down What a you? s world. without he didn't the door, restless, ence was into the pound out machine e on fire. is looking ree miles l the way when she ad left it, ocked the door she saw a pile of ashes in the fire-place. And she said: "Why, what a goose I've been." And I say so, too; don't you? But I'm sorry to say the good sisters are not the only ones in this world that have trouble machines and love to run them. Sisters, I wish, as you have more leisure for such things, that you were the only persons in the world that run your trouble machines. I'll say again: Here's a wife; her husband goes off from her, and if he doesn't come back at the right time she can imagine everything in the world has happened to her husband. She can see him on the track with his head on one side and his body on the other. She can see him where the bridge is broken and he thrown in the river. She can see anything in the world. Oh, these miserable wives when husband's out of sight. I've seen women on the streets leading little dogs with silver chains or ribbons. The dog has the ribbon fastened to his collar—the woman tied at one end and the dog tied at the other—I reckon that's about the best way to put it. I've seen some women that those remind me of, and I'd just say this—if your husband is no more capable of taking care of himself than you think he is, you ought to do with him like your little dog; tie a string to him and take care of the little fellow.

In times past I've been down in my town when I was a parson, and a brother would call in from the country and would ask me to go up and preach for them. I'd get into his buggy and go out and preach night and day, and be in the country perhaps a whole week and wife not know where I was. Then I'd come home, go into the house, and kiss my wife. She'd say,

"Where have you been?" "I've been out preaching for brother So-and-so." "Did you get through your work?" "Oh, yes." "Have a good time?" "Yes." "Well, glad to see you back." I'm so glad I married a woman who had sense enough to know that her husband had sense enough to take care of himself wherever he was. If my wife had a trouble machine I'd get her to sell it the first day after I married her. If she didn't do it I'd go to Chicago and get a divorce—you know how easy you can get one there. And I never would have a second marriage with her until she disposed of it. But women are not the only persons in the world that have these home-made troubles. How disgusting it is to see a man, a strong man, a man the children call father; he's got him a trouble machine. And he will come home with it. He don't run it only at night. He goes to bed and groans and rolls and tumbles, and he's a nuisance to everybody in the house. He's been trying to make both ends meet, and he's about tired of the struggle. "There's no use talking, I've managed to get along this far, but I'll never get through this, and my family will starve. The wolf is at the door. I've been able to make ends meet so far, but it's no use, I'm ruined, ruined forever." And he'll toss, and he'll roll, and he'll tumble, and he'll groan, and there the poor fellow is half the night, rolling and tumbling and groaning, in those moments that God gave him for rest, and when he ought to have been asleep getting strength for the battles of the next day; but instead of that he is spending the night in sleepless restlessness running his trouble machine. "I just know we'll go to the dogs." Ain't no use talking. There's

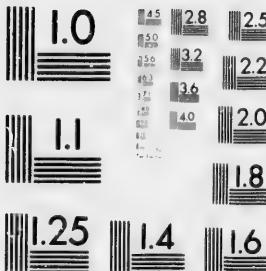
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trouble in the moon, no doubt about that. I like so much the philosophy of the fellow, you know, that was troubled by the man walking so in the room overhead half the night. He stood it until about one o'clock; then he went up and said, "Friend, I can't sleep with you walking, walking like this. Why don't you go to bed and go to sleep?" "Well, the fact is, I owe a man ten thousand dollars, and it's due to-morrow and I can't pay it; I've done my best and it's no use; I can't pay." "Have you done your best?" "Yes, I have." "Then go to bed and go to sleep and let the other fellow do the walking; he's the one to do the walking." And I'll tell you, I'm the last fellow that will walk till midnight about something I couldn't help, and I'll let the other fellow do the walking every time. Ain't that a good idea? Trouble! Trouble! I never carried more trouble to bed with me in my life than I could kick off at one lick, and I kick it off and have nothing to do but go to sleep.

I'm sorry for the fellow who gathers up every trouble he has and carries them all home with him, and then when he goes to bed he gathers them all up on the pillow and commences unrolling them and looking at them, trying to see if he can't make something out of them. Night is the time God gave you to sleep. Go to bed and go to sleep, and enjoy the life God gave you in that way, and work out the problems of your life on that line. This will give you some idea of what we call borrowed trouble—home-made trouble.

I'll say another thing. You get your troubles classified, and then you may know what to do with them.

**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



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There is but one thing to do with borrowed trouble, and that is, to bring your hard sense to bear on it, and it melts away just like hoar frost before the morning sun. Still, if you have got good hard sense, if God has endowed you with it, all you have to do is to bring that to bear upon these troubles, and you'll find they have no existence in fact. We're always running out to meet something that's not coming, and we're always wanting to cross a river, and some will build a boat, and haul it a hundred miles to the river, and when we get there there's a better ferry than any boat we could have. There's a false idea in the world of borrowing trouble, and making trouble, and looking on the blue side of everything and forgetting there's a bright side to every phase of life, and it is our privilege to look on that side and so gain strength and courage to meet the troubles of life as they meet us along life's pathway.

Afraid we'll be starved to death. Starved to death ! I've been hunting a fellow that starved to death for thirty-nine years. I've heard about them and read about them, but they were always out of my beat when they died. And if these tramps and no 'count people you see in this country get plenty to eat and wear, how can a fellow like you starve to death ? What are you bothering about starving for ? Sister, with the blessings of heaven around you, it is awful for you to talk as you do.

A woman said: "I'm in trouble what to do with my family. I don't know what will become of them." About all a man has a contract to do is to look after his children while he is here, and it's astonishing how

they can look after themselves when he is out of the way. I've found that out. My trouble now is to know that my life and example is such as they ought to be.

Let these borrowed troubles go. There's but one remedy, and a sensible man when he looks at life says, "It's foolishness for me to let these borrowed troubles worry me; they may go, so far as I'm concerned." Mother, don't believe old John has run away and killed your children until you see him at the side of the road and your children with him. These are troubles to bring your solid sense to bear on, not to ask the Lord to help you with. What do you think of a woman down on her knees praying God to keep old John from running away with the children, when he couldn't run away if he wanted to? What do you think of a woman praying God to keep her house from burning down when the house ain't on fire? What do you want to bother the Lord like that for? Praying the Lord to keep the wolf away from the door, and the wolf ain't within a thousand miles of you. I grant you this much—your livers have as much to do with your borrowed troubles as your minds. Mr. Beecher said that when his liver got out of fix the kingdom of heaven got out of fix. I've thought of that remark a good many times. There's a good deal in it. The hardest case grace ever undertook to make happy is a man with his liver out of fix.

Let's be sure there are real troubles enough in this world. Oh, the real troubles that we grapple with; they're all that we can bear. I've thought many a time what this world would be without a burden bearer

to go to. Every heart in this world has its cross, its burdens, its difficulties. Every mother has her cross—her real cross; every father has his real cross; every citizen has his real cross. And if you will eliminate all that is borrowed and home-made and manage well the cross and burdens that come upon you, you have done a great thing for yourself and humanity. And I want to say another thing. You may rest assured of this—that a man that has never seen a real cross, a woman that has never seen a real trouble, is unreliable, I don't care who he is or who she is. It is these troubles and crosses that develop manhood and womanhood and make us what we should be. Look at those March winds! How they take hold of our fruit trees and the forest, and tear them and bend them, and break them. Look at the trees in the March wind and it looks like, after a storm like this, they would never bear fruit again. And if you notice, the stronger the wind that bends the trees and tears them, and almost pulls them up by the roots, the fuller your trees hang with fruit the year following.

Look at the old ocean, wrestling and groaning in her tired efforts; going backwards and forwards and backwards again; and if she should cease that one month she would almost rot to death in her bed. It is these efforts, these burdens, that make the fruit trees bear their best fruits, and that make the ocean pure in all her life. So it is those real troubles that develop men. It is said of Goldschmidt that when he first heard Jenny Lind sing, some one said to him as he was leaving the hall, "What do you think of her singing?" And Goldschmidt said to him, "There is a harshness about

her voice that ruins her melody. If I could marry her, and break her heart and crush her feelings, then she would be able to sing sweetly." And it is said that afterwards, when he had married her, and had almost broken her heart and crushed out her feelings, when she again stood before an audience and opened her lips, they had music that would charm an angel's ears. And I tell you, it is these troubles and burdens of life that develop the elements of our nature and make us kind and sympathetic to one another. Show me a father with a drunken son—oh! what a burden that is!—and I'll show you a father that has a kindly feeling towards every drunken man that walks on the face of the earth. Show me a mother with a lost daughter and I'll show you a mother with a sympathy for every lost woman that wells up like the gush of a river. Show me a man with a lost sister and I'll show you a man with a sympathy and kindness in everything he does towards those that are fallen.

When I was in Omaha a few days ago an elegant gentleman came into my room. He was a young man of not more than thirty years of age. I met him at the door and asked him to have a seat. Then he said: "Mr. Jones, I never met you before, but I've heard you preach in different cities. I am here on a painful errand, but it is not my errand that brings me here to you. Mr. Jones, I am searching for a wayward sister—a lost sister. In many cities I have gone among the lost women of the city, hunting her. I am here in Omaha for that purpose. Last evening I was in a house in this town with a friend. I was looking through that house for my lost sister, and found there

a lovable girl, some sixteen years old, a fresh young thing just in from the country that day ; and she was in that house. I said to the madam of the house : 'Will you please keep a room for that girl ?' and, Mr. Jones, I put that girl into that room and locked the door, and drew the lounge in front of the door, and slept there all night, and I would have had my heart's blood spilt before I would have had that pure girl lost. Please, sir, help me find a home in this city for that poor girl. Let's save her.' I said to him : ' If you hadn't had a lost sister, you would have been incapable of an act like that.' Yes ; if every man had a lost sister how kind we all would be in our conduct towards poor lost ones.

I tell you, brother, that when God puts a burden like that on a human heart He pours into it at the same time a perfect stream of sympathy and love and kindness for the suffering ones of the whole world. It is these burdens of life that make us kind to one another. But they press sorely upon us sometimes. We have all had as much as we thought we could bear. I go into a lunatic asylum and see a mother with a glare in her eyes and the look of a madwoman on her face. I see the glare, and know that she is the mother of precious children and the wife of a good husband. I walk up to her and look her in the face, and say : ' Madam, what dragged you from your home ? What brought you to this place, where you are locked up ?' and the wild glare in her eye speaks for her, and says, ' It was trouble that tore me away from my home and locked me up in this madman's house.' I see a husband and a father incarcerated there, and I

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say to him, “What brought you here? What tore you away from your loved ones?” and he, too, says: “I had more trouble than I could bear, and my mind gave way; I could not bear up any longer.” I go to a hotel in New York and enter the room by means of the key of the servant, for it is locked on the inside. As I open the door at ten o’clock in the morning I see a young man of thirty years of age, a gifted young fellow, with strong manhood, a pistol lying in a pool of blood—his own blood—and bullet hole in his temple. I look at it and say: “Poor young man; how came this about?” And the corpse speaks back and says, “Mr. Jones, trouble did this. I had more than I could bear.”

Is it not strange that while every man and woman of us have all the trouble we can bear, yet we are going about putting more of it on each other. Law me! When I look on that man and that woman I tell you how I feel. I feel just like I want to go through this world with both hands free just to lift troubles off of everybody—body and mind. I want to say this: The best hours in my experience have been those when I visited the home of a reformed drunkard and watched the bright-faced wife and children and heard the wife say to me, “Mr. Jones, since you came to our town and made my husband give up drink our home has been just like a heaven. Husband used to stagger in drunk every night, and the children were so frightened at him they would run away and hide.” When I visited Sam. Small’s home the first time after his conversion to God, I shall never forget how happy his wife and children looked. And I want to say another thing on

this point. There has been an effort made to smirch and smear the name of Sam. Small by men and devils. I have scrutinized his actions and life daily, and I say Sam. Small is loyal to God and the right. Sam. Small has paid thousands of dollars of his debts since his conversion, and the wife whose jewellery he had sold during his drunken sprees, and whose diamonds had been pawned for bread, when God gave him prosperity he thought "how kind it would be in me to return to my wife some of the things I robbed her of in my drunken debauchery." If you could have seen the poor fellow the first week after the efforts that had been made to smear his character. How crushed he was! Pale as death; but loyal to God. "Stick to God, old fellow," I said, "and you'll come out all right." "I love God more to-day than ever," he said, "and am more loyal to Him than ever before in my life." I have seen him in the fire, but like the gold, every time he comes out a purer man. I say that much in the interest of a man that I have seen in the fire, and who is yet loyal to God and to the right.

Troubles! Let me say this right here, that I believe the greatest burden that almost ever pressed upon a human heart is that of a mother when she sorrows for her wayward boy. I'll tell you this—I would touch every mother's heart and would sing, "Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night?" He was once as pure as the driven snow. If I would touch every mother's heart, I would paint her boys pure and noble, so that she would look at her son and thank God she was the mother of such a boy. If I would cause the deepest misery and anguish and pain of a good mother, I

would paint her boys as dissipated and wrecked and ruined.

Some time ago a dozen mothers or so happened to be together in a parlor, and the subject of troubles came up. One spoke of her troubles, another spoke of her's, and another, and another, and so on, until eleven of the twelve had spoken of their troubles, and only one sad-faced woman remained who had not spoken at all. They turned to her and said, "You haven't told us of your troubles." And she said, "Ladies! ladies! sisters! I have heard each of you rehearse your troubles, but you have no troubles at all. I'll tell you my trouble. In my young womanhood I married a young man, wealthy and honored. I had considerable wealth of my own. We united our fortunes as well as our hearts. My husband built a palatial home on the banks of the Savannah River, in Georgia, and we lived there in happy, holy wedlock for several years. God had blessed our home with six precious children. And one night as I waked up in the night and dropped my hand accidentally down from the bed, it dropped into a current of water. I jumped up and roused my husband, and the water was eighteen inches deep in the room in which we were sleeping." And she said, "Husband hurriedly got himself out of the house to a little knoll near by. And as we stopped there, by the glare of the moon I could see the waters were rising rapidly every moment. Husband said, 'Wife and children, you are not safe here. I will carry you to the hillside. First, wife, I will carry you and baby across the slough until we reach the hillside.' Husband carried myself and baby to the hillside." And she said, "I turned and

watched his movements, and as he went across the low place the surging waters enveloped him and carried him out of sight, and I have never seen my husband since. But," she said, "that wasn't trouble. I stood there and saw the water rise above my second child from the youngest. The water rose higher and higher, and I saw the little fellow struggle a moment and he passed out of sight, and I have never seen my child since. The water rose, and the next one's head was overcome. He struggled and went under; and I stood there watching one after another, until I saw my last child with the waters climbing above his chin and his mouth and his nose, and I saw him struggle, and he also passed out of sight. I have never seen my husband nor my five children from that day till this. But," she said, "that wasn't trouble. God gave me the baby in my arms—a precious little boy. I trained him and nurtured him, and at the age of sixteen I sent him off to college, and"—my God! that is the epitome of the doom and damnation of many a boy—"I sent him off to college." There are many boys in Canada, and thousands in America, that come home with very poor ideas of literature but graduated from head to foot in debauchery and rum. You say: "Mr. Jones, are you opposed to colleges?" No, sir, no, sir, I am for colleges. But I will say one thing: there is a certain class of colleges in Toronto that it will do well for you if you have got children going to them to look after them. I will say that much. I have heard some things here that will make you open your eyes and stick them out far enough to cut them off with a knife if you have any sensibility about you. You better

look out right along that line or the first thing you know your boy will be debauched from head to foot. Not a million miles from Toronto I have heard it stated that a policeman had to come and keep the boys quiet until the lesson was over. In discussing "the troubles of life and what to do with them," you better look out right along that line—right along that line. I will say another thing, and that is to the preachers sitting up there in their places. God bless you, pastors, it is your duty to expose corruption or drunkenness or debauchery in any college in the Dominion of Canada. If we cannot educate sober, upright boys—what does a drunken boy want with an education? I would rather my boy would not know his A B C's at twenty-one years of age, and not know the taste of liquor or what a card was when he saw it, than to have him at twenty-one years of age the finest Greek, Latin and French scholar in America, and debauched with whiskey from head to foot. "I sent him off to college." (Then turning to the reporters present, Mr. Jones said: "This was not part of my lecture; you fellows need not take that down at all; this is a curtain lecture.") Sister, your husband knows what that means, too. Trouble! This woman said: "I sent my boy to college, and in four years from the day he entered college he came back to my home with his face all bloated. His eyes were bloodshot, and he wore the very picture of debauchery upon his face. He went from bad to worse and bad to worse; every step downwards. He put his foot upon my heart and crushed its blood out. Here," she said, "ladies, this paper was sent me from Texas yesterday. It gives an account of how my boy

died on the gallows a felon. He fills a felon's grave and has gone to a felon's hell." She said, "There is trouble, ladies, that would break an angel's heart."

Trouble! trouble! Husband, how many years have you been a burden to your wife's heart? I run back to days beyond, fourteen years ago, when I have seen my wife in agony that would have broken my heart. I run back to the days when my home was starless and rayless and cheerless. I run back to these days, and I never think of it without the deepest sense of sorrow and repentance, and I beg my wife's pardon a thousand times for it; but I shall never be satisfied until, before God Almighty's throne, I shall beg a good wife's pardon for my years of recklessness and of guilt. I was a burden to her heart. Four years the burden lasted, but, thank God, at the cross of Jesus Christ in earnest repentance I paid the debt owed my wife and lifted the burden from her heart, and she has been a glad-hearted woman from that day to this. Husband, are you a burden on your wife's heart? Let me tell you, if you are you owe that wife a debt you will never pay until you pay it at the cross of Jesus Christ. Son, are you a burden on mother's heart? I am very close to mother. I love a mother very tenderly and all her heart troubles she pours out in my ear.

I want to say to you, boys, when I hear the mother of this earth tell of her griefs and of her troubles, I say: Boys, mother has got all she can carry. Don't put another ounce on her. Don't do it, young man. You would spurn yourself if you were to pick up that club and hit your mother's tender temple one blow. You would never forgive yourself for it. Boys, if you

were to walk up and slap your mother back on the floor, you would never forgive yourself. Oh, how merciful it would be if many boys in this world would take a club and brain their mothers on the spot. Trouble is over then. Instead of that you crush mother's heart hour by hour, and she lives a living death on your account. Let us not put these burdens on mother's heart.

Husband, you and I say: "My wife has all she can carry, and I will never put a burden on my wife's heart." Wife, husband has all the burden he can carry. Don't you ever put an ounce of burden upon his heart. Father has all he can bear. Don't you ever add an additional amount of burden on him. We should help him to bear that burden. If you know any person that has trouble on his heart go to him to-morrow and lift that burden off. He will have plenty left after you take that burden off.

Burden, burden, burden, burden—the burden of anxiety about one another. There are the burdens of grief that press upon us. We have buried husbands. These black veils in this audience to-night tell a tale of burden that an angel knows nothing of. Husband buried, child buried, loved one buried. O me! I have thought of my own at a time when I knew not God, and was a stranger to God. My wife was at her sister's in Alabama when I received a telegram calling me there immediately. Our precious little one, just nineteen months old, was ill, and it was the very day that I looked for wife home. I had bought little presents for the sweet little child, and I longed for its coming home. I started to where wife was, and on my way I

dreamed two or three times of my precious little one, and that it was well when I got there, and how it played over my lap and kissed me. I was hopeful when I drove up to the front gate in the country. I saw wife standing out at the front door against the post and looking haggard and pale. She was weeping. I said, "My God! the child is dead." When I walked into the room and wife leaned upon me, they pulled the white sheet aside and there lay the little child looking like an angel carved in marble. She was dead, and she was all we had. My heart was wicked and sinful, but it just broke into ten thousand pieces and I looked like I would die with a broken heart on the spot. And the burden that pressed upon us,—but I will say this much, my other five sweet children had a better father than they would have ever had if God had not taken one of their number to the good world. Burdens of grief—burdens that come from the visitations of death. O how they press upon us year after year! There are burdens of responsibility and of debt. Do you know, nine-tenths of our real trouble in this life is about how we will meet honest obligation in fair business and be fair with man and be honest in all our ways. Brethren, there are financial burdens sometimes weighing down upon us which are really earnest, and they seem to crush us. I want to say about this, I don't care what a man's financial difficulty is if he is honest with God. God will help you out. That is the truth.

Now, what to do with this sort of troubles. I say, here's the question. There was a wife who was cheerful and pious, and her husband was good and honest,

He was one of the leading merchants in the city. When he returned to the house one evening his wife met him as usual at the front door-step, and when he came up with a cheerful greeting his wife looked at him and saw a picture of disappointment in his face. She said, "Husband, what in the world is the matter with you? I never saw a cloud on your face before." He said, "Oh, I don't want to trouble you with my troubles." "But," she said, "you have no troubles but what are my troubles; I'll share them with you." "Well," he said, "after supper we will talk about it." After supper he told her how the next day he had fifty thousand dollars due and not a dollar to pay it. "This financial crash," he said, "has brought me to the dust the best friends I had—friends who never denied me before—tell me now they can't let me have a dollar. All is done, and I'm broken, crushed and ruined." She said, "Husband, have you been to all your friends?" "Yes, every one." "Husband, have you been to God with your trouble?" "Oh," he said, "I don't think God interferes in matters like that. I think, of course, the Lord blesses us in our souls, but doesn't interfere in matters like that." But she said, "You failed to go to the one Friend who never fails; we'll submit the case to God." And before they retired she said, "Husband, kneel down with me and let's commit this whole thing to God." She knelt down at his side, and prayed as only a wife can pray when she is sharing her husband's burdens.

Next morning, at breakfast, the gentleman received a note from the president of one of the leading banks, asking him to call at the bank on his way down town.

He called as he was asked to do and the banker said, "You know I told you yesterday I couldn't let you have any money. Well, last night about nine o'clock, when I went to bed, I thought about you, and couldn't go to sleep until I promised myself that I would let you have what money you wanted, so you just cheque on me for whatever you want." And the merchant, when he went home, said to his wife: "Wife, what time was it when we went to bed last night?" "The clock struck nine while I was praying." While the wife was down on her knees praying God for help in their trouble, the Lord was over at one of the big houses of the city, the residence of the banker, thumping him on the short ribs, and the banker rolled and tumbled and couldn't go to sleep until he promised he would let the merchant have that money.

Many a time I've been in a place where nobody but God could help me out. Call upon God and He will succor thee. These burdens of grief, anxiety, cares and responsibilities—what will I do with them? Listen. Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee. Call upon the Lord in time of trouble, and He will succor thee.

I never heard a finer illustration of that than an incident that took place in Indianapolis. A poor fellow was serving an eight years' term for theft. There was a good Christian man who came in every Sunday to speak to the prisoners, and the very last Sunday before this prisoner's term was up the visitor preached from this text, "Call upon the Lord in time of trouble, and He will succor thee." The text got hold upon the fellow. On Wednesday morning they gave him a

citizen suit and turned him out on the cold charity of the world without a dollar. He looked round. "Here I am," he thought; "I haven't got a friend in the world; I haven't got a dollar in the world. Nobody cares for me; I guess I'll have to go back to stealing right away." About that time he thought of that text, and he looked up and said: "Oh, Lord, here I am without any one to help me; if you'll help me live right for a week, I'll give myself to you forever. I'm in trouble; help me." And when he looked up the street he saw a horse running away as hard as he could tear. Looking down the street he saw a great long plank lying on the sidewalk, and he picked it up and ran to meet the horse and struck him right in the centre of the forehead and knocked him down. And as soon as the horse fell he looked inside the carriage and saw a little three-year-old child sitting in there unhurt. And just then the father came rushing up, and as soon as he reached the carriage and looked in and saw his little boy sitting there all right, he said, "Who stopped the horse?" and the crowd said, "That man over there;" and the gentleman ran his hand in his pocket and pulled out a twenty dollar gold piece and gave it to the man, and as it dropped down into his pocket he heard something say to him, "Call upon the Lord in the time of trouble; He will succor thee." And the gentleman, while waiting to get another horse hitched up, said to the man who had just left the prison, "What is your name, and where are you from?" He replied, "My name is so-and-so, and I was raised in this State." "Well," said the gentleman, "I haven't time to talk to you now, but here is my card and the

address of my house and my store. Call and take tea, and tell me all about yourself." And the man called next day, and told the gentleman the story of his life, and how he had prayed to God, and how just about that time his horse came running away with his little boy. And the Christian man listened to him, and when he had finished, said, "God is answering your prayer and giving you good work. I will give you employment and put you in my business." And he did so, and that man to-day is one of the leading business men in Indianapolis.

The secret of a sensible, happy life is this: "Call upon the Lord in the time of trouble, and He will succor thee." An hour and five minutes is longer than I proposed to lecture, but I will say a word or two more before I close. And I want to say to you, that lecturing is ten times harder than preaching; and it isn't much but preaching after all, is it? I don't know whether I am lecturing when I am preaching or whether I am preaching when I am lecturing—it's so mighty alike. Brother, I believe the Gospel of Jesus Christ gives room to do anything and to say anything that is right to be said or to be done. Now, what do these troubles mean? Brother, sister, let me say this to you. They are in mercy sent. Troubles! How could the world get along without them? You see that Newfoundland dog swimming in that lake with his master on the bank near him. His master calls him. He will not come. He beckons him, but he will not come. He scolds him directly, but the dog won't come. Then the master picks up a block and throws it into the water, and the dog fetches it and takes it

in his mouth and swims ashore with it, and lays it down at his master's feet. So it is with these burdens. A man wanders off on the sea of sin and death, and God begs him to come back, and he refuses ; and God beckons and pleads and scolds him, and still he won't come. Then God reaches down by his side and picks up a big trouble and pitches it out on the man's heart, and then he comes right back to God and lays it down at His feet, and says : " I could not live with this burden ; I have brought it to Thee."

Burdens ! Burdens ! Burdens ! I'll tell you another thing. The Lord never put a burden upon my heart that He didn't watch its effects, just as a good physician watches the effect of his medicine. God may not be looking at you when you have no trouble, but you can't have any trouble without God's eye being upon you and watching you. You remember when Jesus stood on the mountain top and preached to the people while His disciples were out on the lake ; and how all at once a storm came down upon them and caught the disciples out at sea in their small ship. And Jesus looked down every minute and saw that they did not come in, and then in great trouble He rushed down to the lake and looked for a boat. There was no boat there, and He said : " Boat or no boat I am going to My disciples." There was no boat, and He just struck out and crossed the waters. They watched Him coming, and they thought it was a spirit, and Jesus sped on to the little ship, and when He reached it, it was all right. Jesus always sees you in trouble, and He is right around there somewhere. He says, cast your burdens on Him. Sometimes we get

overloaded. That is the time to go to Him. You see that little frail vessel? It is going along slowly. It is overloaded. It will go down, and it's just about to be engulfed? See, there is the *Great Eastern*, the grandest ship that ever floated on the Atlantic. The *Great Eastern* ploughs ahead, and now she is beside the little frail vessel, and the captain of the *Great Eastern* walks over to the bulwarks and says: "You are overloaded. Cast your cargo on me; I will take it." And over they throw a rope, and take the cargo off the little vessel. The cargo that almost sinks the little frail vessel when pulled on the *Great Eastern* does not sink her the hundredth part of an inch. Brethren out at sea, when we think we will go down under our burdens, the grand old ship of Zion gives a hand to little vessels overloaded. Just about when you are going to be engulfed call to God, whose ship Zion will plough her way right along, and Jesus, the captain of that grand old ship, will say: "Cast your burden on Me." It won't sink that grand old ship the hundredth part of an inch, but it will bring you safe to God. Christ will carry your burdens for you. Take your trouble to the Lord in prayer.

There is no trouble on earth that heaven cannot heal, and these troubles are sent us in life. God says: "Bring them to Me; I will take them off your heart." May God help us in this talk to-night. I hope you will go home feeling this way: I will never borrow any trouble, and all my burdens I am going to give to God and talk with Him just like I want Him to talk with His child. Just like a good father told me. He said: "Brother Jones, my children are most all of

them married and gone. When each of them married and started off for one city and another I have told them, 'Boys, if you ever get in trouble, telegraph your father and he will be the first man on the ground. He will stick to you until he goes down himself. Boys, if you ever get sick, let your father know. He will be right at your bedside, and be the last man to leave it. Boys, if you ever want a dollar, cheque on the old man for that dollar.' I have told all my boys that. Now, my Father in heaven looks down in mercy upon me and says to me: 'In time of trouble I will help thee: cast your burdens upon the Lord.' He will help me." Whenever we get into trouble let us call on God. When we get broke let us call on God. He never failed a man in time of trouble. I hope this talk to-night may relieve some here, and that you may go home to-night lighter in heart because you will know what to do with real burdens, because God says, "Bring them to Me." And these borrowed troubles! Think like sensible men about them, and you will never be bothered with them again. May the blessing of God be with you now and forever.



LECTURE II.

CHARACTER AND CHARACTERS.

Delivered in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, on Tuesday evening, December 14th, 1886.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I count myself happy to be able to look into the faces of such an audience as this, who have come through the snow-storm to be present at this lecture. I hope you may not only receive a full quarter's worth to-night, but pay for the hardships which you have undertaken to get here and to get to your homes. I wrote my wife the other day—"my precious wife," as Dr. Potts frequently says—"If you could just be with your ugly little husband in Toronto now, you would certainly believe that, after all, you have married somebody,"—and it has been the task of my life to work her to the point of making her believe that she really has. If I ever come here again, and the snow is not twenty-two inches deep, as it was in Minnesota the other day when I left home, she will surely be with me in the providence of God. The subject for the night is "Character and Characters." Character is the essence of the man. It is the body of the true man. Reputation is the clothes which we see of the man. Character is what I really am; reputation is what men say of me and about me. Reputation is like a glove, perchance, in value. I may put it on and off at pleasure. I may

tear it, rend it to pieces, and then throw it away. I have lost but little. But character is the hand itself, and when once it is scarred it is scarred forever. Character outranks everything. Character is the immortal part of man. Character, good character, is that which fits me for heaven, and heaven itself can shut its face against anything but character. Coulton said that character was perfectly educated will. It was a will so in harmony with God that when the Divine says "thou oughtest," the man says "I will," and when the Divine says "thou oughtest not," he says "I will not."

Character is the result of harmony. Harmony with good, harmony with truth, harmony with right. There is nothing more charming than many instruments attuned to each other. I was at a house some months ago sitting in the parlor. One sister sat at the piano. She ran her fingers over its well attuned keys. And I noticed a brother standing by her side with a guitar in his hand, and he putting that instrument in harmony with the piano. And I noticed another brother on the other side with a banjo in his hand. He was putting it in tune with the piano. I noticed a sister over to the left with a violin, and she was putting that in tune with the piano. I sat and listened to the process, and when, all at once, all were ready, and each struck the strings of their instruments, I never felt so much like sifted sand in all my days. Oh, what a charm about that music! So with man. Character is the result of a life lived. True character is the result of a life lived in perfect harmony with God and with the right, and in my thoughts I have tried to seek the basis of char-

acter. In what shall I rest it? A structure like this must have a basis and a foundation. Where will I rest character? Where will I lay the bed rock of character. Upon what can I rest it as its foundation? I cannot rest character on the will. I cannot rest character on the conscience. There is no place that I can lay down the bed rock of character but the affections. What a man loves, what a man hates, determines his character. If you tell me what you love and what you hate, I'll tell you what your character is. Now, I think if you get things in line, get 'em in rows; I like things in rows so we can plough and work them. I don't go much on this promiscuous idea. I like to see things in rows. The first will be the law of God Supreme with all its enlightened forces of right, and right under the law will be conscience, and under conscience will be the will and right; under the will will be the affections, and now we see the law of God shining upon conscience, and conscience taking hold upon the will, and the will grasping the affections and subjugating them to the point that the man loves everything that God loves and hates everything that God hates.

Now you have a groundwork of character, and you can build upon it a structure which will outlast the stars. My loves, my hatreds, determine the basis upon which I build. He who loves everything that God loves and hates everything that God hates, he is from that moment free to build. I want to say another thing. There could be no such thing as character in its best attributes unless we live free. We have many men in prison in this country. Not too many over

here in this gaol or lock-up, but there are too many men in prison. I believe in the freedom of the human will. I believe in the freedom of the human hand. I believe in the freedom of the human thought. I believe in the freedom of the human feet. I believe as much in the freedom of the hand and mind as I believe in the freedom of the will, and no man can be a man in the truest and best sense of the word until every shackle is thrown from him and he stands before God a free man. Liberty knows no bounds except where license steps in, and as soon as a man steps into the territory of license he becomes a slave in that moment when license begins. Liberty means the power of doing as we will. License means the power of doing wrong. And that is the boundary line for every man, beyond which he never passes unless he becomes enslaved himself. Free to think! I don't mean free thought. You know free thought means that if a man's got a right to think as he pleases, the next thing you hear of him will be that he is doing as he pleases. Free love grows out of this territory. If you think more of my wife than you do of your own, you will get her and get rid of your own. But freedom to think the truth in a line with God; every shackle is shattered and the mind of the man roams free over the field of thought and intellectual culture as far as right will permit him. There are many men who think in this country between two lines. Here is a fence, tall and high on both sides! A man that lives in this way is like an old ox that lives in an enclosure with no water or no grass except what he can bite through the cracks. Poor old starved ox! He is like some of our ministers.

I am sorry for a preacher that lives in a line—call it a Methodist line, an orthodox line, or what you please—the man who dares not think or preach or say anything that somebody has not thought or preached or said ages before ever he was born.

I remember the day when I was in prison. The brick and bars were all around me. I had rubbed up against them and wished I was a free man, and God sent me a grand old presiding elder. He was one of the finest old gentlemen I ever looked at, and before I listened to him three minutes I saw that my old presiding elder concluded his pulpit was a throne instead of a prison; and first thing I knew the prison bricks and bars turned into feathers, and flew on to my shoulders and gave me wings that spread out and let me loose over the world. A free man is a man who thinks in harmony with God, and in line with God, and thinks it to the utmost limit that is possible. That's the point. If a man is determined to be orthodox he won't be a free man; he can't be a free man. Atheism answers questions that orthodoxy cannot answer, and don't try to answer. What is orthodoxy? Orthodoxy is like a fellow with a wall fifteen feet wide and twenty feet high halfway round his house, taking in the front of it; and round at the back of the house he has nothing but an old wicker fence. He thinks he's safe; but bless you they get round at the back of the house, and begin to pour shot and shell in upon him from the rear, and the first thing you know you see the little fellow mounting the walls of his orthodoxy, and jumping down on the other side. There is a good deal of that. Am I right? If I am right, and stand with

truth all about me, I can't be moved. I can't be moved. Now, there are brethren who sit around me here to-night who remember when orthodoxy said things that orthodoxy does not maintain to-day. I'm sorry for the man that's hemmed in by his orthodoxy and embracing it, and dare not be a free man. I tell you how far I am on orthodoxy. If a man will admit in mathematics that twice two are four, and let me chain him down to that fact, I've got him. There's no doubt of that. Get a man to admit that, and then every problem in mathematics is true. When you come to orthodoxy, if a man will admit that he's a lost sinner and that Jesus Christ died to save sinners, and will let me chain him down right there to those facts, I'll let him go to the end of his tether, for I've got him right there. That's what I call a free man.

A man who makes the law of God the leading principle of his life is a free man. So long as I do that I can make my hands do the bidding of my mind, and I can make my mind do the bidding of my will! Conscience and law are all in sympathy and harmony with the right. I am a free man because my hands do whatever they want to do, but they want to do only what's right; and my feet walk wherever they want to walk, but they want to enter no forbidden paths; and my mind roams free over all the fields of thought, but it does not want to go beyond the limits of a sensible mind. There's where men run into infidelity; and infidelity has no bottom to it. That's the truth about it. As I said last Sunday, it's nine-tenths mouth, and if you mash that mouth you'll never hear anything more about it.

The first rock in the building up of true character—I would make it faith. Faith! We can never subjugate our own feelings nor the world to Christ without an abiding faith in the right and good. I have faith in truth; I have faith in the power of truth; I have faith in humanity, that it has the power to respond to truth; I have faith in God's application of truth; I have faith in God's power and willingness to redeem every promise He has made; and when a man sets out to battle with faith in truth, and faith in God, and faith in the right, and faith in the ultimate triumph of the right, that man is doubly armed, and is able to fight his battle well. He is protected, no matter how dark the night of battle is; no matter how thick the enemies that press round him to conquer him. In this battle he may fall, as we may have fallen in the battle, and may seem to have fallen for ever, and to have lost all chance of victory. For instance, in my own experience, in the thickest and heaviest battles I ever entered into I have fallen, and it seemed to me that God had forsaken me, that my wife had ceased to pray for me, that the Church had turned its back on me, that the angels in heaven had lost sympathy with me, that all has been withdrawn, and, for the moment, it seemed that I was conquered forever. But as I fell conquered, as I thought, forever, in a moment's time God opened my eyes, and He said: "I am on your side; you are not conquered yet." And as I got up I knew that God and the angels of heaven and all good men were on my side; and I'll say to you to-night that with faith in the right, and in the ultimate triumph of the right, you can fight

your battles alone. Armed thus you are the best clad men in the world; and no matter how dark and hopeless the battle may be, God and the angels and all good men are on your side, and with an army like that I'll fight until God himself says: "That's enough; come up higher." God could conquer all our enemies with a single stroke, but how much better to send His Son Jesus Christ to stand at our back, and say: "I am your Brother. Fight with all your might, and I will see that you put every enemy under your feet. Here's your weapons." And with such a privilege as that, and faith of such a nature and character as that, let's go forth to battle. Many a man feels he'll give it up. Will I give it up? No, sir. Not so long as I can hold a sword in my hand; not so long as I can point a gun at an enemy; not so long even as I can shake my fist in his face. I will never give over this fighting for the right. Never!

One of the foundation faculties of true character is courage. I tell you, my brother, that when you see a brave man you see an honest man. Bravery is at the very bed rock of honesty. And I tell you another thing; it is the nature of a coward to lie. He has no foundation to character. The biggest liars I ever saw in my life were cowardly, pusillanimous men. And let me tell you another thing on this point. The greatest preachers to-day upon the face of the earth are the men who not only have faith in the ultimate triumph of God, but who will walk right up in the eye of condemning, burning public opinion, and be torn into pieces by it. There's a man who's worth his weight in gold. And I'll tell you another thing—

these folks will shoot at you from behind every tree in the world. My! my! the trees they will get behind. Courage! I was preaching to the North Georgia Conference a few days ago, and I said: "Brethren, from the day when you first sent me out to old Van Wert circuit, which paid its last preacher just \$65 a year, and took me with my wife and one child, a bob-tail pony, and eight dollars—that's all the assets I had fairly marshalled. From that day to this I have hardly ever got outside the sound of the rattle of the musket and the roar of the cannon. My young brethren, you are going out into the lists as I did. I have fought for the good and the right, and there are ten thousand scars all over me. But I am more determined to fight it ought on this line than I ever was; and God helping me I'll look the world right in the face and tell them the truth of God Almighty." And I've found out that the truth will take care of the fellow that tells it, and will take care of itself; and that's all that needs to be done on that line. The truth takes care of itself and of the fellow that tells it; and the greatest blessing a church ever had is a courageous preacher that ain't afraid of any man in town, and of every man in town; one that will talk against the views of the richest and the leading members of his congregation, and browbeat them out of those views, and will say to them, "God is true, and you are all wrong unless you do such and such a thing."

Courage! If a man believes he is right, if he would be able to look God in the face, he must be a brave man. That meets it in the truest and best sense of the word. I don't like a cowardly child. One of those

children that blubbers every time you look at it, that boo-hoos when it stubs its toe against a stone, and boo-hoos again every time it thumps its foot against a stone, puts me in mind of a little fellow that was bellowing for all he was worth, when suddenly a brass band came along. Then he stopped bellowing, and went and stood and looked at and listened to the brass band. He was all right so long as the brass band was around, and forgot that he'd ought to be crying. Soon as it was past, he turned round to his mother and said, "Mother, what was I crying about?" And mother says, "Son, you were crying because I wouldn't let you go to town." Then the child began again, "Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" I like a game child. I like a child that'll say like one I know of said when he had fallen and hurt himself, and somebody picked him up and said, "Well, son, did it hurt you much?" "Yes," he said, "it hurt terribly, but I didn't cry." I like that. I like to see a woman cry, but not a man. Let the weaker vessels cry. Courage, not recklessness; not that recklessness that rushes into danger. Courage that sits down and counts the cost of a thing, and says, "That thing's right and must be done, and that's wrong and must not be done." That's the sort of courage we want—that dares to do right in the face of fearful opposition, and that keeps on with it even though the whole world turn its back upon him. I say, brethren, there's one thing happened with Christ that never happened with any of us, and we forget that sometimes. We remember how once when Jesus was preaching His own gospel the whole crowd turned and left Him; and He turned to His disciples and said, "Will ye also

go away?" And they said, "Master, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." But what preacher of this century has so denounced the wrong deeds and wickedness of the vicious and mean that they have literally got up and left him in disgust? I will say another thing. There is quite a difference between standing up and preaching the truth and applying the truth. I am running off at a tangent just here, but there's fish up this stream as sure's you live. There's a great deal of difference between preaching and applying. There are a great many preachers who will get up and preach a fine dissertation on truth. They are magnificent in that line. But to show you what that will amount to. There's a fellow. He is dying with neuralgia, and the doctor comes in and he has got a can of mustard in his hand. He says, "Friend, see this can of mustard?" "Yes, sir." "Well, that grew in a certain city in the United States. It was ground up and prepared in a certain place. This can, you see, was manufactured by a certain firm, and if you will lie still an hour, I will tell you all about this matter." The poor fellow says, "Don't say anything more about it, but put a little bit of that mustard on a piece of cloth and place it on my jaw to stop this pain." I have seen many a preacher stand up and preach a dissertation on truth, but if he had spread a little on a practical illustration and applied it, he would have seen things bounce in a few minutes.

There is a good deal in that. Courage! Courage to meet the real issues of life and say "No" to the wrong and "Yes" to the right. How many times a mother has lost her power over her children because she could

not say "No." How many times your children have gone the downward step to ruin because you would not say "Yes." How many young men have gone to destruction because they didn't have the courage to say "No" to their evil associates. How many have gone to destruction because they could not say, "Yes, mother, I will go with you to that place of worship and be a servant of my mother's God." "Yes" to the right and "No" to ruin; and it takes more genuine courage for a young man to say "No" to a wicked companion than it does to go out and fight the biggest bully in this town a fisticuff fight. That is the truth about it. Courage! And if I had the fellow in the right—with courage that would dare to do right—then about the next thing I would do is to pitch in and study, and learn, and get some knowledge. There is a good deal in that. Of all the ages and times in this world this is the last age and time for ignorance to rack out. My! my! kerosene oil at fifteen cents a gallon, and you can get a copy of Sam. Jones' sermons for ten cents, and after all you are ignorant. For a quarter of dollar a boy can fix himself up to be a scholar, and here he is ignorant. Ridiculous! ridiculous! Know something! Knowledge is the handmaid of all that is noble and true, to dress her charms and make her more lovely. There is that girl that just lives in a perfect atmosphere of dime novels and love-sick stories. Poor little child. She can dance and do a great many things in that line. Law me! I don't know whether I told you when I was here before. It expresses it so clearly. One of these little fellows

living away down yonder under the mud sites of life—I have thought about that many a time, that we can't be intellectual and moral and live down among the colts and calves. My! my! I remember the day just as well when I woke up to the consciousness that I was somebody. I am not a colt, I am not a calf. I walked out from among them. I am no longer any of these things. Yet some people have never got above a calf or a cat.

Here I will give you an illustration of what I mean. Yonder is a father who has just died; mother died some days before. Father was immensely rich and was a grand specimen of a man. He left a boy twenty-one years old—an only child—in the possession of his heritage—a hundred thousand pounds in bonds and stock. He left him a palatial house—a magnificent house it was. It looked a very old building. Yonder is the observatory; there is the picture gallery; over yonder are bedrooms; down here the library and parlor and sitting-room. Oh, how magnificent a structure, surrounded by a beautiful garden and avenue leading up to the house. It is magnificent; and that boy, the day after his father died, went to the parlors, locked them up, locked up every bedroom, and locked up the library and observatory; and after he had locked up these rooms he went into the kitchen and sat beside the stove till the waffles were done. Then he would spread Jersey butter and honey and eat the waffles. He would sleep in the pantry every night with his head on a sack of flour and his feet on a sack of sugar. He never went into the library or observatory or parlor,

but lived in the kitchen in the day time and slept in the pantry at night. You say, "My, my! did a woman ever do that?" Yes, and done worse than that. Yonder is a young lady. She is a magnificent girl physically, beautiful, and still she will turn her back to God and heaven, and the best books on earth; and ask her what she would rather have above anything else in the world she would say, "Get a fiddle and get up a dance, and my young buck can put his arms around me and then I will be happy." Now, that fellow under the stove waiting for waffles, he is a gentleman beside her. There is no doubt about that—there is something in waffles. That old fellow out there. He is making every dollar there is in the land to make. He is putting it in the bank and property, and is running on dollars and cents. He cannot eat them; he cannot wear them, he cannot do anything. He has a greed for dollars, and he is known as an old miser. I say to you that that fellow under the stove waiting for waffles is a Christian and a scholar beside him. You cannot eat or sleep on it, or do anything with a dollar than purse it. It is nothing to be compared to waffles, Jersey butter and honey. I say that the fellow who lives in a strata like that I am sorry for him. Ain't you? Here is a young man; he will turn his mind and heart all away from the dearest and best things of earth. He finds his greatest enjoyment in playing billiards. He likes to throw himself around a billiard table and poke a stick at a ball. Look here, Bud, go home and get under the stove. Go there and live there. Study and know what is right. That is the source of all true

enjoyment. Let us learn the will of God. This precious Book:

"This little Book I would rather own
Than all the golden gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
Or all their diadems."

It is the gift of my mother to her boy. It is the Book upon which my father laid his head and died.

If I had the building of character I believe the next rock I would put down would be honesty. I will tell you, brother, you cannot do much with a man unless he is honest. When I talk to you about honesty I don't mean a fellow who pays his debts. Some of the biggest rascals in this town don't owe a dollar in the world. It is policy for them to settle up. They cannot run their business without it. When I talk about honest men I don't mean a fellow that pays his debts. If a man has any sense he will pay his debts; that is the best business feature of the whole business. When I talk about honest men I will tell you what I mean—a man who lives up to his convictions, and who will do by his convictions. If right is right I am going to do it; if wrong is wrong I won't do it, because it is the hardest thing a man ever undertook, to do a wrong for the sake of it. That is it. Live up to your convictions—a good, honest man. Brother, when the Lord God got hold of St. Paul He got hold of an honest man. I'll tell you another thing. At first St. Paul did not believe that Jesus Christ was divine, and when God convinced him on that point, and set him straight, from that moment until Paul had his head cut off he never gave God a moment's trouble. He

put him straight once and he stayed straight; and when God gets hold of an honest man to-day and puts him straight he is going to stay straight. These kind of fellows, up and down, in and out,—some of you have been in and out until you are like the squirrel, you have worn the hole slick where you have run in and out. The Lord be merciful to you.

An honest man is a man who purposed in his heart to do right, and say right, in everything; a man who, as soon as he is convinced that he has done a wrong, will right it in a minute, if it takes every dollar he has got. This is the character of an honest man. Down there in Georgia a man was pointed out to me, and the man who pointed him out to me said: "Jones, there goes an honest man. He will pay the colored men in this town just as much for cotton as he would the shrewdest farmer. He is a cotton buyer." I had a mind to ask him if he didn't feel very lonesome walking about alone by himself. What will you give to see him in Toronto? I might import him up here and let you look at him. He is the only one of whom I ever heard his neighbors all say: "There goes as honest a man as God ever made." I wish we had a world full of that sort to-day, of men honest with God and honest with men. A downright honest fellow. I like that. Well, then, if I had this rock of honesty laid down in my character, as I was building upwards, the next thing I would lay down would be kindness.

Do you know that kindness is the cheapest thing in the world, and it goes further than anything you can have on hand. "I thank you for that." "I am so glad I was able to oblige you." "I am so glad that

you have been kind enough to oblige me." Just a little kindness, a little kindness to clerks. I will tell you what, if some of you merchants would go down to your places and shake hands with every clerk and say a kind word to him, they would wink at one another and wonder whatever has come over you. They would think you were going to die before night. They would say: "That old fellow had a dream last night. He thinks he is going off before another night, and he is starting out to be kind with us. I wish he would have started in sooner." A fellow went home some time ago in my town and told his wife about how another man had been kind to his wife, and how they were in love with each other. Finally he says: "Old woman, suppose you and I try just one week to see how it goes."

I say, my brethren, kindness is costless. It is without cost, and yet see how far it goes. A kind merchant, a kind neighbor, a kind citizen, a kind mother, a kind father, a kind child.

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Will make this world an Eden
Like the one above."

Scatter seeds of kindness, scatter seeds of kindness. Let your life be one of kind acts and kind words and its retroactive influence will be exercised upon your own life and character; and the more you perform acts of kindness the more you will feel disposed to go on with your acts of kindness. Let us be kind to everybody, and it won't cost a cent, and it will bring you in more money than any other investment I know of. Kindness! kindness!

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Then I believe if I would put a keystone in the arch of this building to make it a perfect building I would take one stone of charity, in the sense that it is love in action. Now, there is a great deal of difference in love. Charity not only means love, but it means love in action. Love in good deeds done; love manifest in kindness in a thousand ways.

There was once an old preacher who preached one day on heaven. The next day one of his members came to him, and said, "Brother, you preached on heaven yesterday, and told us all about heaven, but there was one thing which you did not tell us. You did not tell us where heaven was. "Can you tell me where heaven is?" "Yes, I can tell you." "Well, where is it?" asked the church member. "You are one of my wealthiest members replied the preacher. You have the means by which you can reach heaven in fifteen minutes. Right up on the hillside, there is living one of my poorest members, a sister in Christ, your sister, she's poor and sick, and she has chills and fever, and her two daughters are sick. They have not a stick of wood to keep them warm, not a bite to eat. Go down town and buy fifty dollars' worth of fuel, and clothes, and medicine, for these poor people. Get right on the dray yourself and ride up to the house and give it to them, and pray with them, and say, 'My sister in Christ, you have seen better days. I am going to get you a cook and a nurse, and you shall not want for anything while you live; and read the twenty-third Psalm to her—'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want'—and breathe an earnest prayer to heaven, and if you don't see heaven before

I see you again, I'll foot the bill." And next day he was going down town, and he met this old fellow, and the old fellow stopped him, with joy written all over his face, and said, "I did as you told me, sir. I went down town and bought fifty dollars' worth of provisions and fuel and medicine, and put it on a dray and jumped up on the waggon and went right up to the poor woman's house. I told her, in Christ's name I have brought these things to you. I am going to get you a cook and a nurse, and I am not going to let you want for anything as long as you live, as long as I have a dollar. And I read the twenty-third Psalm to her, and I knelt down and prayed, and I spent fifteen minutes in heaven." That is the secret of a happy life, and it is "charity." A man like this is a blessing to himself and to the community. I can cure the blues in ten minutes—just go and help a poor sick family, read the Bible to them and leave ten dollars with them, and it will cure you of the blues. Got the blues! You! a big old fellow worth a hundred thousand dollars if you're worth a cent; and you have all this money, and got the blues! You'll have the "fires" or something else next. We must build in a line with the law of God and the conscience, and have the affections subjugated, and build on the rock of faith, and have the courage and trust to do right, and the knowledge which shows you how to do right, and be an honest man, and be a kind man, and have charity—goodness; and let kindness be the capstone of the edifice. And when the time shall come for God to call you He will either come down from on high, and by placing one hand under you and another on your head

He will take you up to Himself, or if He don't do that He will extend the streets of the New Jerusalem down to you until He incorporates you into the bright world above.

But we promised to say something about characters. Our hour is about up, but I will give you ten or fifteen minutes on characters. The first character which I will tell you of is the solemn character. I have come across them in some places, but I won't say that I have come across any in Toronto. I won't be personal. This character is the solemn, distant, dignified Doctor of Divinity. Did you ever see one? "I am the Rev. Jeremiah Jones, D.D., saved by the grace of God, with a message to deliver." He is so distant that a member sitting in the front pew cannot see him. He has one tone for the pulpit, a different one for the streets, and another for his wife and children. He runs in three different keys. When he prays he begins: "Oh, thou Great Being; Universal, Eternal, O—o—o—h!" If a man would go down town to your dry goods store and say, "Brother, oh thou greatest of all merchants! I come into thy place to ascertain if I can get a pair of divinely colored hose for my wife!" what would you think of him? Wouldn't you use your yard-stick on him? But he gets into the pulpit and he talks in this very same way, and all the time he is talking to his Father! If one of my children would come to me and say, "Oh, thou greatest Father!" why, I would kick him out of doors. God is my Father. I am His child, and He said, "If you have wants ask Me and receive," "Knock at the door of mercy and it shall be opened unto you." And when Jesus taught us to pray He

taught us to come to God and say, "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever, amen." There's a model prayer; and to see the dignified, dogmatic, distant old Doctor of Divinity on one of his high falutin' petitions is a regular farce. There's a great many people that confound solemnity with piety. They think that a solemn man is always pious and a pious man ought always to be solemn. Well, if a child of mine comes to me with a solemn face I immediately conclude either that he has done something wrong or that he is sick, and it's brush or dose with him right away. Obliged to do it. When my child comes up to me with a smile on his face and leaps into my lap, it is because he is conscious that he has not disobeyed his father. Let us come into the house of God in the same way, conscious of God's mercy and rejoicing. We have the idea that the church is a solemn place. But it should not be any more solemn than our home. And when would you tell me "You must not laugh any more in my house"? I would not drag the church down an inch, but I would bring the world up to the level of what the church should be. If a man has not got anything else he needs a good deal of dignity. Nine-tenths of the stock-in-trade of some of these is their dignity. I like to see a woman dignified; but, good Lord, deliver me from an old dignified man that's got nothing but dignity.

The next character is the witty, humorous man. The colored people of the South are about the wittiest race known. I'll give you an instance of this: A good old colored man met another colored man at the depot in Atlanta, and after speaking to each other a while one said, "I say, brudder, hab you hearn tell anything ob Jeames Robinson lately?" "No," said the other, "I ain't hearn nothin' on him, not sense he got loose from the chain gang. Hez he ben seen?" "No. But he came down to Marse John Proctor's when I was out in the stable fixin' up the ole mare Beck, and when she see him she kind a laid back her right eye, like a mule. He asked me fur the bridle. Sez I, 'What you goin' to do?' 'I'se goin' to ride her back to town. I sez, 'Jeames, you'd a betta' mind, dat hoss'll hurt yo', sho.' But he 'lowed he was a hoss doctor and was too much fo' her altogether, an' he got on her. She just let one jump and there was a perfect stream o' dust, an' when the dust clar'd away ole Beck was stanin' at the hoss trough drinkin' with one o' Jeames' galluses woun' roun' her hind leg! And they sent for the coroner, and the coroner he came and said, 'Jim died sort o' accidental like—was not sick a minute.'"

But I believe this is the best one I know of. We tell the story on Sam. Small. I wish he was here. He'd enjoy it as much as anybody. Sam. was always smart and bright. I believe in many respects he is the brightest man I ever saw. It is told on him that he stood on the street there in his city, and he was very tight—or very loose, I believe, would be the more expressive word. He was waiting for a street car. A

car came along at last, and he stopped it and went to get on. The cars down there have a little step at the end for you to get on. Sam. mounted this, and then turned round with his back to the horses, and just then the car moved on and Sam. Small was thrown out into the road. They helped him up and put him in the car again, and Sam. stood there and brushed the dirt off his coat and looked around, and said to a passenger: "Did y' have a collision?" "No; we never had any collision," said the passenger. "Well," says Sam., "did y' run over a preshpish?" "No, we never run over any precipice." "Well," says Sam. again, "did y' run off the track?" "No, we didn't run off the track," said the passenger. "Well," says Sam. Small, "if I'd known that I wouldn't have got off." Sam. Small's legs would get drunk, but his head never.

I reckon one character that gets us into as many troubles as any other is what we call the aggressive character—a fellow that goes right at it in fisticuff style. He's always running into trouble, but if he's game he generally gets out well. He takes hold at the right point every time, and generally gets the best of his enemy. This instance of the aggressive man was told by John H. Seales to a great audience in Atlanta during the prohibition campaign. The prohibition orators were letting up terribly on the liquor men, and the liquor men resented it. They said: "You're too hard on us; you ought not to be so hard on us;" and yet they butcher the husband and the son, and spread devastation everywhere; and when we talk back at them they say, "You're too hard on us fellows." "Yes," said John H. Seales, "you remind me of a fellow

that was walking in front of a country residence, carrying a pitchfork on his shoulder. Just as he was passing the house a big, vicious dog ran at him, and was going to take hold of him. But just as it sprang at him he took the pitchfork in his hand and ran it right through the body of the dog, pinning him to the ground. The owner just then rushed out of the house, very excited, and said: 'Why did you stick that fork into my dog?' The man replied, 'Why did your dog run at me?' 'Well, why didn't you go at him with the other end?' asked the owner. 'Why didn't your dog come at me with his other end?' replied the man. I say an aggressive man will carry his point every time. If the whiskey men of the country come at us, let's go at them with all the power there is in the pitchfork of argument and in the love of right.

I reckon the next man of character, or the next character we might size up, is the tattler. You ever see a tattler? Do you ever see anything else? A tattler. "There is one thing I won't do," said old Sal, "I never talk about my neighbors. It is true Mrs. Brown's boys came over here and got two of our chickens. I have made it the rule of my life, and I never talk about my neighbors. Mrs. Brown's children came in one day and took a ham. I have made it the rule of my life never to talk about my neighbors." I was preaching to the colored people in the States some time ago when, just about the time I took my text, an old colored man, who had no hat and nothing on his feet, came in. He made his way along to a front seat beside the little old pulpit. He stuck his feet upon the pulpit. Such feet! You never saw anything

like them in your life—the biggest, flattest feet I ever saw, and they looked like beavers' tails. I commenced to preach on the fifteenth Psalm. The old fellow sat there and said, "Bless the Lor'," and "Thank God for that." It was just doing him good to the ends of his toes, right along. "He that backbiteth not with his tongue." "Now," I said, "every one of you that has not talked about your neighbors, stand up." One here and one there, about five or six stood up, and I involuntarily turned around to the old fellow. He put his face in his hands, and looked up, and said: "Umph, Umph." I have scarcely ever preached on this sin of tattling but somehow I have crushed the audience before me. Brethren, there is no more despicable character in the world than a tattler. The next time you go to say anything about anybody else, stop right short and say: "Is that the truth? Am I going to say the whole truth and nothing but the truth?" and stop again and say: "Will it be kind and brotherly in me to say it?" and stop again and say: "Will it do any good for me to tell it?" If you put these three things to yourself, you will never tattle again while you live.

I suppose the last characters we will notice are the generous and stingy characters placed in juxtaposition. I want to give you these characters. I have a great contempt for a stingy man. I cannot help it. Brethren, I want to say to you as an intelligent audience to-night, money will help a man to heaven just like money will help a man to New York City. It is just as true as I am standing here. I say a man can check his money and go up with it, or run on a dead level with it, or

go down with it—either one of the three. Here is a man. He worked for me to-day for two dollars. I did not pay him money. I paid him two bushels of grain worth a dollar a bushel. Now, he took that grain to a farm and planted it. The next fall he has thirty bushels, and the following year he has about five hundred bushels of grain. He has nothing but grain. He has started with grain. That is the dead-level, dog-trot line. And it is astonishing how many are running that line in this world. A fellow has got a hundred thousand dollars, and he's a-going to make another hundred thousand out of it, and when ten or twelve years are passed by he's got his two hundred thousand. And he can go up with it or down with it or stay right on the level. Let's see how he can go down with it. He can have a hundred thousand dollars' worth of grain made into whiskey, and he'll go down with it. Does he want to go up with it? Let him take his grain and go to the poor widow and say, "There's two bushels for you and for your children." And on the last day Christ will say unto him, "I was hungry and ye fed Me, I was naked and ye clothed Me, I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink." And he will say, "What for? How can this be?" And Christ will say unto him, "I saw you take that two bushels of grain to the poor sick one of Mine; ye did it unto Me;" and other things being equal the man went to heaven on his three bushels of grain. So that with money a man can go up or down or stay on a level with the animals. Don't be stingy. You have many great interests and projects for the Church.

Brethren, divide your last dollar with God. Don't

lay up money for your children. You'll think of this in the future come day. If your children are to be of any account in the world you needn't lay up a dollar for them. If they are of no account, every dollar you lay up for them will be an injury and a curse to them. Brethren, let's divide our money with God. Be a liberal man. Never let God check on you without honoring His check—never. He'll take care of you and you will be a stronger man, a noble, generous man, and a staunch man. And here I will give you the illustration which I gave before in another lecture, of the stream and the pool. You see that little fountain which bubbles up yonder and passes down in a pure crystal stream, passing near a slimy, stagnant pool, and the pool says, "Whither away, my dear Miss Stream, whither away?" "I am going to the river," says the stream, "to pour into it this little cup of water which God has given me." And the old pool smiled and said, "Ah, you poor, foolish little thing! the short, moist spring will soon be over, and the long summer will come, and the hot sun will come out and everything will be parched, and you will dry up." "But if I am to die so soon," replied the stream, "I am going to see the pleasant flowers and the fields and the birds while I have time, and when the hot summer comes, and the sun burns up everything, as long as I can, I am going to hold on to every drop." And by-and-bye the spring melted away and the hot sun came out and poured its burning rays down upon the earth. And how about the little streamlet? The trees wove their boughs over it, and shaded it, and would not let the rays of the sun reach it, and the birds sang its praises

and the cattle blessed it, and it went on its way rejoicing. How about the old pool ? The weeping willows leaned back from its bosom to let the sun just fall down upon it; and by-and-bye it began to breed miasma and evil, and the people around there had the chills and fever, and the hot sun continued to pour down upon it, and it began to breed insects and poisonous reptiles ; and by-and-bye the cattle wouldn't touch it, and even the frogs left it, till God in mercy dried it off from the face of the earth. But how about the little streamlet ? The river carried it to the ocean, and the ocean held it up in its arms to the sun, and the sun drew it up into the clouds, and the wind blew the clouds together, and they descended again into the ocean, and the little streamlet says: "Ponds may come and ponds may go but I go on for ever." And so God says to each of us, "As ye have freely received, now also freely give ; and as ye have freely given, now also freely receive."



LECTURE III.

RAVAGES OF RUM.

Delivered in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto,
on Wednesday evening, December 15th, 1886.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—This is not always, or everywhere, a popular theme, and especially it is not considered a pulpit theme. This is considered a political question, the question of temperance, of prohibition. There never was a more false idea among men than that the prohibition question, the temperance question, is a political question. It is not more political than the ten commandments is a political question. This is not more political than the question, "Thou shalt not steal." This is not more political than "Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." In one of your newspapers I read an editorial since I have been in your city saying that the pulpit should stand up for the Bible, and whenever and wherever the ministers do not defend and preach the Bible in its fulness, they ought to go. Now, a great many think that this prohibition question is one that originated in New England a few years ago by some long-haired men and some short-haired women, but there never was a greater mistake. This question of prohibition is as old as this Book before us to-night. This question of total abstinence is as old as this Book. It is as old as the

time that God said, "Thou shalt not put the bottle to thy neighbor's mouth," or when it was said, "Look not upon it," much less drink. The man who said that was the first advocate of prohibition that this world knows anything about. And he who advocates temperance and prohibition is advocating the cause of God and sobriety, the cause of right, the cause of prosperity; and this temperance is the element of the Bible, and I am sorry for any preacher in this world that has degenerated in piety to the point where he cannot be a political preacher in the sense that he cannot stand up for the prohibition of this fearful traffic. Upon questions of this sort we have had a cordial spirit of discussion in my State. Georgia is the freest State from this curse of any State in the Union; and in our State on the stump, in the pulpits, in the theatres, in the rinks, under tents, I have talked, I have preached, prohibition. I preached once in Cobb County, Georgia. There were fearful odds against the prohibition side of the question, and the tickets were printed this way: "For whiskey," "Against whiskey." I held up two of these tickets in my hands, and, said I: "The election will be to-morrow. It is not Bill Smith, the wet or whiskey man, or John Brown, the dry or temperance man, but it is "For whiskey" and "Against whiskey." Said I: "I have some sympathy with a man who may vote for a friend if he is on the wrong side. I have some sympathy for a man who may be influenced by a friend who is on the wrong side of the question, but a man that will walk up to the polls and coolly and deliberately cast his vote for whiskey," said I, "he's eleven-tenths dog to start with. All the animal about

him is dog, and the one-tenth part of him that is human is turned to dog, and that makes the eleven-tenths ; so he walks before the children of men eleven-tenths dog." On our side we separate this thing from politics. You will never get much from politics ; you bet you won't. And as you become more experienced you will learn more and more that you cannot depend upon politicians (I am not talking about statesmen) upon any moral question, and you will find that out in this city of Toronto. They'll go whichever side is the strongest ; and if they can see that prohibition and temperance is the strongest side, there is not a politician in Canada that won't espouse the cause of prohibition and work for it with all his might. But as long as it is a doubtful question—and it is doubtful which side is the strongest —the politician isn't going to commit himself to either side. And I'll tell you another thing. The man that I have the greatest contempt for is the man who is a prohibitionist and yet will talk on the side of the liquor dealers. He'll say this plan won't do, and that plan won't do. If they can get at something that will prohibit I am for them, but I am satisfied that that won't do it, and this won't do it. It's just like a member of the Methodist Church being in favor of card-playing and dram-drinking, and yet he says he is perfectly free to condemn these things, and if there was any plan to stop card-playing and dram-drinking he would go for it. My doctrine is, let every man take sides one way or the other. I have more patience with a man who openly declares himself for liquor than with a man who says he's for temperance and then goes and practically casts his vote in favor of

whiskey. This is my doctrine—if I can't chop off a snake's head, I'll chop off his tail—and then I'll keep on chopping off his tail until I get right up to his head. I say to you that this liquor question is the one question in America, and that it amounts to the one issue in this Dominion of Canada whether we will have whiskey or not, and whether or not we shall sell and drink liquor in our midst. And it's the biggest question before you all to-day. And is it not strange that all other questions can be formulated, all other questions can be put into sensible shape, all other questions can be settled and provided for, except this one question? But on this question people are eternally asking: "Which is the best plan? Let me know what to do and then I'll go right on and do it here and now and forever." One man says: "I am not willing to put drink out of Toronto, but I believe in putting it out of this town or this county." Well, brethren, you say again: "If I could put it out of the whole Dominion I'd do it, but I don't believe in putting it out here and having it stuffed in upon us from that other place." Well, brother, if your wife made you a coat on that idea you'd go in shirt sleeves all the balance of your life. For she'd say: "If I can't sew both sleeves at once, and the back at the same time, I won't do it at all. I won't do one of them at a time." And there you sit the year round without a coat, because your wife won't make it without being able to make it all at once. Ain't that so? You see what that logic would do with you. The wife must not only sew one sleeve at a time, but she must sew one seam at a time, and she must put in one stitch at a

time, until the coat is finished ; and it is the same with the liquor question. You've got to begin with yourself personally. You have to be a prohibitionist in sentiment and in practice ; and then you have to be a prohibitionist in your own home. You must not set wine on your table or allow it to be drunk in your house.

And not only must you be a prohibitionist yourself and every member of your family—and not a prohibitionist in sentiment only, but in practice—but you must work on your next door neighbor and make him a prohibitionist. And then you have to get the whole block into right shape, and then the whole city. Then God can take this army mustered here and march it into other towns, and fight the liquor business until the whole Dominion is brought under strict sobriety and prohibition laws. tell you this much for certain, we can never put whiskey out of the saloons until we have put it outside the decent homes of the city and community forever. In the county I spoke of a few moments ago, down in Georgia, the liquor men fought very hard against the prohibition side of the question. I went there two days before the election. The Court House, the biggest room in the town, was packed with people when the hour for speaking arrived, and I noticed just as I stood up to speak that six bar-keepers of the city marched right up the aisle, and took their stand on my right—I s'pose to intimidate me. I'm sorry I was born timid, and it was awful to have to speak under those circumstances. But I stood up there. Said I, "I am announced as the orator for this occasion;

you expect a speech. How can I make a speech on this subject without taking sides on it one way or the other. The question is "prohibition." Am I a prohibitionist or am I an anti-prohibitionist? Which side am I on? Listen! Don't come to me with that question, but whisper it into the ear of the great God that made this world, and ask Him which side He is on; and when He speaks back and tells you, you needn't give me His answer, but you can just put me down as being on God's side. Write me down on His side every time. I'm not afraid. Then go to the Lord Jesus Christ, the best friend poor sinners ever had, and ask Him which side of the question He is on. And you needn't come back to me with His answer. You can just write me down on His side. Then go among the sainted dead, and ask them which side of the question they are on. And you needn't come back to me with their answer; but you can just put me down on the same side as they are. And then," said I, "go out yonder into that cemetery, where lies buried the best wife a man ever had and," said I, "take the dirt from off her body, and when you reach the case in which she is buried take the lid off, and ask the poor pale one lying there on which side of the question she is." The leading bar-keeper had just buried a precious Christian wife six weeks before that, and when I looked over to the right of me I saw the great big tears running down his cheeks, and as he walked out he said to his friend: "I'll never lift my hand again to do anything in support of the liquor traffic." And the day after they carried prohibition by fifty. The same day not a bar-keeper turned to work for whiskey. And I tell you,

if you get bar-keepers to say that their trade makes men love their wives and their little children with all the interests of home; if you can get liquor men to say that women and children are all on that side, I'll give in. But there's not a liquor man in this city who would say that he is on the side of God, and right, and good women, and innocent little children. If a man is not on the side of these he is not on the right side; and if he is on the side of pure women and innocent children he is on the right side. Now I want to ask you, if prohibition is the God side, the Christ side of the question; if it is the side of the pure, good women of the earth; if it is the side of the little children of the earth, what man is there who could stand up and, face to face with these powerful influences, say, "I am against them all." And every liquor man, and every man on this side, is against God and Christ and every good man and pure woman and innocent child that walks upon the face of the earth. And every sign that is set up in your streets with the words upon it, "Liquor for sale," is an insult to every pure woman that walks the streets of your town. Every sign that has written upon it, "Liquor for sale," "Beer for sale," "Licensed to sell whiskey and intoxicating spirits," is an insult to every pure, feeling-hearted woman who walks the streets and sees the dives and dens which lure her husband and sons from their home to their destruction of body and soul.

In Omaha, Neb., they charge every man who sells liquor one thousand dollars license, and every dollar of that license money goes to support the public schools. There are one hundred and eighty saloons. One hun-

dred and eighty saloons at a thousand dollars each makes one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. And that is put in public school buildings and is invested in the teaching of the children of the town. Brethren, in the name of God, could you bear to have your children educated by blood money? Before my boy should take a dollar of such education as that he might grow up in the blackest ignorance that was ever known in the blackest part of Africa. I told them that when they pointed them out to me. I tell you, they never rode me around any more to show me their schools! What do you charge here in Toronto for a license?

A VOICE—Three hundred dollars.

SAM. JONES—How much?

A VOICE—Three hundred dollars.

SAM. JONES—Poor, pauperized Toronto! Just anything, Lord, I reckon! How many saloons have you got, brethren?

A VOICE—Two hundred and twenty-six.

SAM. JONES—Two hundred and twenty-six. Let's multiply two hundred and twenty-six by three hundred. How much is that?

A VOICE—Sixty-seven thousand eight hundred dollars.

SAM. JONES—Over sixty thousand dollars! Just think on it! And this is the price they pay you every year for all the drunkards and villains they make every year? Do you know how many confirmed drunkards there are for each of these bar-rooms? I'll tell you—ten! It is said it takes ten to support a bar-room. Ten regular confirmed drunkards. 'Ten times two hundred and twenty-six gives you two thousand

two hundred and sixty. There are two thousand two hundred and sixty regular confirmed drunkards, remember, that stagger into that many homes every night under the influence of drink. Go to one of the homes in this town and see that poor wife whose husband and sons are serving their sentence through drink, and say to her, "Madam, how much money will you take to settle this thing even with the city of Toronto, for the damage which they have done you by licensing the whiskey man to sell your husband drink during the last five years?" and she would answer, "If Toronto had all the money that was ever coined from the foundation of the world it wouldn't be half enough to pay me for one night's misery that I have suffered to see my husband and my sons as they are." And you talk about three hundred dollars for each saloon. Cheap, ain't it? Hard, ain't you? What do you do with the license money? Do you do anything special?

A VOICE—It goes part to the Government, part to the city—nothing special.

SAM. JONES—I expect they wanted to fix up the streets on the way to the churches, so that the women and children, every time they put down their feet in going to church would put down a foot on a brick or a plank that was put there by the blood money of their husbands and fathers. Brethren, if you can't get a board of aldermen that will do away with the licensing of this accursed traffic, you just tell them, "You poor fellows take the money from the liquor men and keep it. Do as you please with it. You can't use it on us as intelligent people of the city of Toronto." You

just tell these twenty-three gentlemen: "Here's this money of yours; take it and do just as you please with it. Gentlemen, don't scatter it on our streets that we have to walk over every day of our lives. We don't want any such money as that now or forever." Would not that be a good idea?

REV. E. A. STAFFORD—No, sir, they would make too good a use of it.

SAM. JONES—The brother says that they would make too good a use of it. Well, to go on, I say to you the greatest difficulty we meet with in the management of this liquor contest is the compromise measure. We have it in Georgia, where the liquor men will compromise any way in the world. I have raised the black flag in this contest, and cry, "Down with compromise, now and forever." If drink is a good thing let's have oceans of it, and if it's a bad thing don't let's have any of it. That's my doctrine. A fellow sets down a rotten egg before me and says: "That's rotten; you can compromise and just eat half." Well, now, if it's a good egg I'll eat all of it; if it's not a good egg I'll not eat any of it. That's the sort of compromise that is offered the cause of temperance in nearly every county in the Dominion of Canada.

Brethren, let's look at this thing in all its bearings. Where in the history of the world is the man or the woman—or the family that has been benefited by this infernal traffic? Go out to the people of this little town with but a hundred inhabitants. They would not hear of such a thing as selling whiskey there. They say, "We are just a community of forty or fifty families, and we don't want whiskey, and won't have

whiskey bought or sold amongst us." And you say, "That's right. If I lived there I would not have it sold there either. But it's different here. This is a big place and we can't do without it." What would you think of this? Here's a man with two boys and he wants them both to grow up sober and upright. He don't want them to go into the liquor business in any shape or form, and doesn't want them to have anything to do with either drinking it or selling it. You say, "That's right; that's what he ought to do." But here's a man with ten boys, and in order, he says, that they may do well, two of these must be drunkards, and a third must sell liquor. What's the difference between a big family and a small family? What's the difference between Toronto and that little town out there? Just this—that's a small family and this is a big family. What's good for one is good for the other. If it's a good thing for the small family not to touch liquor, wouldn't it be a good thing for the large family too? Ain't that reasonable and right? Now, brethren, I have preached prohibition and temperance from Massachusetts to Texas, and from Georgia to Michigan, and whenever I have preached prohibition anywhere the people would slap their hands and holloa and take on terribly over it. But there's a heap of difference between slapping hands and voting. Did you ever notice that? There's a heap of difference between slapping hands and getting up at a street corner and talking prohibition in spite of the world, the flesh and the devil. There's a heap of difference between sentiment and voting. There's enough sentiment in Toronto to put whiskey out of the city to-

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morrow. Plenty of sentiment; but that's a mighty poor thing when it's all you have to hang on to. What you want to do here is to stir the conscience of this city from bottom to top. And when a man gets his conscience mixed up with this thing and he sees that he is responsible, as far as his ability goes, to put it down, then we will have a powerful action and stir up this city. Do you know, down in my own town, brethren, the Baptist preacher walked into the harness-maker's shop there one day. The harness-maker was a steward in the church, a humble, laboring Christian man. He said to the pastor, "Look here; whiskey is cursing our town." He meant Cartersville—that's my town—"and you preachers are to blame for every bit of it," he added. "How am I to blame?" asked the pastor. "Well," said the harness-maker, "listen. You preachers have a majority of the voters of this town in your churches, and you have more influence with them than anybody else in the world has. Now, if you would just all preach prohibition to your congregation for three Sundays together we would vote whiskey out of this town inside of forty-eight hours." Well, that Baptist pastor went straight to the Methodist pastor and told him what the harness-maker suggested, and then he went to the Presbyterian pastor, and then to the Episcopalian, and then went around to the colored preachers; and next Sunday every preacher in Cartersville turned his guns loose on the bar-rooms, and on the Monday morning following it was the talk of the town; and less than three months after that whiskey had been voted out for ever from our town.

If ever I saw a city in my life where the preachers and the church members were to blame for keeping up a bad condition of things, that town must be Toronto. You have more preachers and members of churches in your city than you have people of any other sort; and if every member of the church in this city would vote as he promised God he would do when he was received into the church—if every Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Catholic and the whole business would vote just as he prays, I am certain whiskey would go out of this town by two thousand majority to-morrow, if you could get them to vote on it. Ain't that so? If the church members of this city would quit drinking wine and whiskey, half the bar-rooms of the place would dry up. There ain't enough sinners in this city to run them all without help from you—without appeals to the churches. They can't get along without you. There's many an old Methodist worth a good deal to them; there's many an old fellow as will come up here and sit in front of the pulpit, and if you just smell him you'll find his breath smells like an old swill-tub, unless he's been chawing spikes and cardamon and one thing and another to keep his breath down. What we want in this country is the conscience of men stirred on this question; and if only the church members will talk and vote like we know God wants them to, we will have no further trouble with this liquor question. We can never carry a place for temperance and prohibition until men who claim to be on the right side of every question shall come out on the right side of this question, and give their votes and money to carry on the fight and to run the election;

not money to bribe with, but money to meet the money that's spent on the other side. And I'll tell you another thing right here. Whenever you determine in your hearts to put the liquor out of this Dominion of Canada, it won't be a before-breakfast job. If you think the liquor men, with their millions of money invested in the liquor business, will surrender without a vigorous fight, you don't know anything about it, that's all. My, sir! I say it in love and kindness, for I haven't a thing against any man that walks on the face of the earth; the worst blood I have ever run into in my life is the blood running behind bar-counters and still-houses. You have there, sir, the worst blood ever known to this Dominion or to America. Over there in Omaha there was a sober, temperance man, a grand man he was, who stood there on the streets and preached to the young men against liquor. The liquor men walked up to him and shot him down in cold blood; and to-day the people have never known who shot him down; and out in Iowa they shot the old man Haddock as he was going home one night, going to the place where his wife and children were awaiting him. They shot him down on the sidewalk; and the hands that pulled the trigger that shot Smith in Omaha and Haddock in Iowa were the hands of those interested in the sale of liquor, and that will shoot down every man in this world—everything else being equal—that will come out and talk and work against the liquor traffic. That's the truth.

Many a time I've had put in my hand a notice: "If you come into this community and preach your prohibition sentiments it'll cost you your life;" and again,

"If you come into this community and preach prohibition we'll make you remember it as long as you live." Brethren, I consider that a polite invitation, and wouldn't have missed going for anything in the world. It is said that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," and I think we're about run out of seed now. We haven't got enough anyhow to raise a crop on to-morrow. Stand up for the right. My mouth hushed by any power in this world, when the poor women stand by me, weeping and crying: "Defend us! defend us! we are going down in blood and death. Thank God for one man that will stand up for us!" Oh, if you could see my mail weekly and read the letters that are sent me—letters baptized in the tears of the poor women of America—letters that bid me "never let up on the liquor business, Mr. Jones; it's been the curse of my husband, or of my son, or of my brother. My heart's blood drips every day because of the misery caused by drink. Wherever you go, Mr. Jones, let your voice be heard against this traffic." And I have made up my mind fully, deliberately and eternally to fight the liquor dealers at the door of every poor woman, over the pool of blood they have wrung from her heart. The pulpit has not lost its power against whiskey; it's just lost its voice, that's all. God Almighty stir the pulpits of this town. When I was preaching in this city before, one of the leading preachers here met one of the pastors who had been in attendance at these meetings, and said: "How can I tolerate that man? He denounced me and called me a dog." "Did he call you a dog? What for?" "Just because I take my toddy." That was a preacher.

Got called a dog. Ha! ha! I told the preacher I'd just made a slight mistake; that was all. He was not a dog; he was simply a puppy—wasn't big enough for a dog. Oh, I've said it everywhere and almost every day since I left this city; I've said Toronto is the best city I ever saw. It is the best city I ever saw in regard to its moral life. Oh, if it would only be on the Lord's side on every question what a grand thing that would be; and why not have your city not only the best moral city in the world, but one where a man can't get liquor to debauch himself and his family. Why not that? Why not? Who is the liquor interest run in favor of? Two hundred and twenty men in the city of Toronto. What do these whiskey men want to sell whiskey for? To make money. That is what they want. Now I'll tell you that if you'll take these two hundred and twenty men and pension them off at one thousand dollars a year each out of your treasury, and not allow a drop of liquor to be sold or drunk in the city of Toronto for twelve years, you'll be at the end of that time in the best financial position that you ever were in in your life. And if you want to be kind to these fellows, why, pay them a thousand dollars apiece and say, "We'll take care of you all the balance of your lives, only don't sell any more whiskey in the city of Toronto." I wish that every one would do this way.

But if a man came to the mayor and aldermen of the city of Toronto to-morrow and asked for a license to sell whiskey, he would get it; but if one of the liquor men would come and say, "I want to get a license to sell whiskey and sell it to your two sons,

your boys, and I am going to have two of your family drunkards inside of five years," why the board or person that grants the license would say, "Get out of here, or I'll kick you out of my office;" and yet every time that a liquor man goes in to get a license he gets a license to debauch somebody's boy, and I see no reason why it should not be an alderman's boy as well as any other man's. Perhaps I'm not an authority; I don't even know the law on the subject, but whenever sentiment and conscience is right law will be in a line with it, and you can do with this question just as you please. This is a free country, and this is a democratic country, and when the majority says, "We don't want whiskey," whiskey will have to go, and if the minority don't like it they can emigrate. Whenever the majority of the citizens of this city say, "We don't want whiskey, or we want prohibition men in office in this city," they'll have them. Whenever the majority of the voters say, "Whiskey shall not be sold in this city," there shall be no whiskey sold in the city. I wish that I could get you to see that under the noble Queen of England you still have a democracy in this country, presided over in sentiment at least by Queen Victoria of England. I wish you could see it. If we want whiskey out of the country we have got to go into everything that will help us to put it out. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is one of these things which will help us a lot. There's some of us that never gave them a dollar. And they in Georgia itself were one of the strongest powers in putting whiskey out of the community. A leading temperance worker one day went to a rich merchant and said, "Sir, we are

in need of money; won't you give us a contribution?" But the merchant replied, "No, sir, I am not at all affected by this question. If people want to drink whiskey it's no concern of mine. It's none of my business who drinks whiskey as long as neither I nor any of mine touch it." And the next day he walked down to the Union Depot expecting to see his wife and daughter, as he was expecting them to return from a visit by a train from the East. After a few moments he looked at his watch and saw that the train was not on time. He went into the telegraph office and said, "I see the train from the East is late to-night; is there any trouble?" "Yes, sir," replied the operator, "there has been a wreck out on the road some forty miles from here. Are you expecting any one?" "Yes," said the poor man anxiously, "I have a wife and daughter on board the train from the East to-night," and he found the superintendent and said, "My wife and daughter are on board of that train. Has there been an accident—are any persons hurt?" And the superintendent replied, "Yes, they have had a fearful wreck and many are killed. If you will wait in the depot in a few moments we're going to send a train out to meet the train that is coming in from the wreck, and you can go out upon that." And the poor fellow did so, and when he reached the scene of the wreck, lying out on the ground among the dead he saw his wife and daughter, and there sat the drunken, besotted engineer out under a tree, so drunk that he did not know his own name. He had been running into a station ahead of time. A freight train on time was pulling into the switch. He ran into the freight train and killed

several passengers and wrecked the train. That man brought the corpses of his wife and daughter home and buried them. The next day he hunted up the temperance man who had called upon him for the subscription. "I told you, sir, when you called upon me," said he, "that it didn't make any difference to me who drank liquor; that it was none of my business who drank whiskey so long as none of my family did so; but now I want to come and tell you that it does make a difference who drinks. My precious wife and daughter are now lying in their graves by the fault of a man whom they never saw in their lives, and who never saw them, because he was a drunken sot. Just check on me whenever you like for whatever money you want to run this cause, and it'll be all right as long as I live in this world."

And when it is brought face to face with us in a shape like that it makes a difference to every one; it makes prohibitionists. When it is brought home to a father and a mother like this, through their children, you'll find them temperance workers and enemies of whiskey. Show me a father whose son has been debauched through drink and I'll show you a prohibitionist. "When my boy is ruined by drink you can count on me every time to be against the drink that ruined him, and I'll do what I can to help to put this cursed traffic out of the country;" or "some part of our family have been ruined by liquor, and God has given me enough judgment as a sensible man to see that it is my duty to do what I can to banish it from the land." Once in Chattanooga I said: "Anybody is an infernal fool who will drink whiskey." Oh, well, some

of the old red-nosed fellows got boiling mad with me about that. They accused me next day of calling them fools, and the next night I took them up on it. You'll agree when I told them about a poor fellow a couple of counties above my county in Georgia. He woke up in jail one morning, just as the jailor came into the room, and he jumped up and said: "Where am I?" "In jail, sir." "In jail—for what?" "For murder, sir." "In jail for murder! Who have I killed?" "You have killed your wife, sir," and the man just staggered back and fell on the floor perfectly unconscious. In an hour he aroused himself and called aloud for the jailor, and the jailor came to the door, and he said: "Go and get a mob of men and a rope, and get them to take me out of this cell, and hang me to the first tree you can find, for I have killed the best wife a man ever had in this world." You ask me, "What did it?" Drinking whiskey. Will anybody but an infernal fool drink stuff that will, perhaps, one day make him butcher his precious wife? Look at it this way a moment. If you are drinking that stuff right now; if you're imbibing that liquor day after day, it may be that in less than twelve months from to-day you will butcher your wife in cold blood. If I had told this man that I've told you of that drink was going to make him butcher his wife, he might have knocked me down; probably he would. "Me kill my wife!" he would have said; "you don't know to whom you are talking;" and yet within the last six months I have counted in the United States twenty men who have butchered their wives while drunk, and yet they will drink it. I said another

thing that was mighty strong. It looks almost like a word a preacher ought not to use; but there are some things you can't say without using strong language. I said nobody but an infernal scoundrel would sell whiskey. That looked awful hard. The liquor men got mad about it, and ran 'round and cussed, and met on the street when I was somewhere else, and gave it me hot and strong. Next night I said to the liquor men: "I'll take you up, old fellows! You stay off there. I know you! I'll deal fair with you. You're my brethren. I've nothing against you. Listen! If every liquor dealer in the city will meet me in the parlor of Market Street Church, and when you meet me there, march up Market Street two or three blocks until we come to Ninth Street, and then along another couple of blocks until we come to a wretched hovel, where a poor, ruined woman lives, then we will look at the ragged, barefooted children, and the pale, sorrowful-looking wife, and we'll ask her to tell us her history. Then she tells us how twelve years ago she married a good, industrious man, and lived happily with him; and then we moved to Chattanooga, and after we had been here some months he got to drinking, and he drank until we were in the deepest poverty; and then, last year, he committed a fearful crime while drunk, and is now working out a terrible sentence in the Tennessee penitentiary." Then when we had all the facts from her, we'd go and put our heads by the woman's side, and hear the blood drip, drip, drip, from her heart; and, after that, if you say anybody but an infernal scoundrel will sell whiskey, then I'll go

down on my knees next night before you and take back what I said.

But bless your sor', honey, they never met me. In another place I said, "I'll steal ! I'll steal ! I'll steal ! I'll steal ! I'll steal ! before I'd sell whiskey." That made 'em mad again. Look's like everything I say would make 'em mad. One fellow tackled me. I said: "I didn't say anybody who sold whiskey would steal. I simply said I'd rather steal than sell whiskey, and I would. Come, now, I'll agree with you when the facts are before you. Here's a man dies and leaves a widow with ten thousand dollars and two sons. She has been indulgent with her boys, and they have spent their money with you in this bar-room ; and you know last year one of her sons committed a crime while he was drunk, and was sentenced to a penitentiary for ten years, and the other is a poor embruted wretch, who has wasted the rest of the money of his mother, and now she sits there without a dollar in the world, all broken-hearted. Now," said I, "which would have been the best for you to have done, to have slipped up there the night after her husband died and stole the money, and left the woman her boys without a cent, or to have left them the money, and been the means of, with it, debauching them body and soul and sending them to hell ?" He said he didn't believe in no such logic, and just walked off and left me. Put that answer right. My congregation, I can't see how any sensible man can license a traffic that can only bring woe and misery to the poor women and children of the country. I can't see it to save my life. I believe that in less than fifty years from now our children will

look back on ours as a barbaric age, as the age that licensed people to sell whiskey! God will arouse us to the point that we will wake up and put this curse out of our midst and away from our children. And I tell you that when whiskey gets this hold upon a community, it's astonishing where it goes to. In Macon, Georgia, there occurred an incident of a heartrending character. A poor drunken husband drank and drank until he broke his wife's heart. Before she died, as he stood by her bedside, he swore to her: "I will never touch another drop as long as I live in this world." And six weeks after that time, after the death of his wife, that man was drinking harder than ever; and a few days after his eldest daughter, upon whom fell the duty of looking after the other children, sank down broken-hearted under the fearful strain of her father's terrible drunkenness, and when she was dying she said: "Father, I am leaving you and the helpless little ones; promise me you won't drink another drop." And he swore, "I will never drink another drop of liquor unless I take it from your hand; I promise you that." And that night, the night that she died, the people had left him alone in the room with his dead child, and the terrible desire for drink took possession of him, and he took the glass, filled it, and clasped the cold hands of the corpse around it and raised it to his lips and drank it. My God! the distance downwards whiskey will take a man! And will you and I in this nineteenth century, you and I, perpetuate a law which will bring about such a scene as that. The honest, industrious people; the noble, good, wealthy people; the honest, industrious middle classes of this city, don't need

a dollar that whiskey brings to the city. And, brethren, I say again, even if putting down whiskey will kill the town and demoralize trade, can you and I afford to prosper upon the blood money of the poor orphan children, of the poor destitute children in our town. I would rather be the poorest pauper and sit at the rich man's gate in rags, and be fed with crumbs from the rich man's table, than live in the grandest house in town, and have the best furniture in my house, if it was bought with money that was the blood money of the poor destitute ones in this city.

I feel like that way about it. And I say to you that above all men you ever listened to in your life I know what I am talking about when I talk on whiskey; and if every preacher had been burned and hurt as I have been in conscience and life by whiskey, they would speak out in unmistakeable terms in words like these. I know the devastation and the suffering it brings to home and life; and as I told the bar-keepers of my town, "when I drank with you and paid you my money I was a clever fellow, and not a man of you ever had anything to say against me; but since I've tried to live sober and be a good husband and father every one of you is raging at me and don't like me, and don't like my talk. But, my fellow townsmen, if you'll go out of this business we'll show you a better way of making your living than prospering on the blood money of the poor." And I want to tell you people of the Dominion this liquor question is the only great question in the United States outside of the capital and labor question. And I believe that if we could settle the liquor question to-morrow the question of

labor and capital would be settled the easiest way in the world. Wherever they have had the greatest trouble in America it was generated in the rear room of a bar-room. Do you notice that the communists and anarchists and dynamiters of Chicago held their meetings in bar-rooms and stored their dynamite there? Wherever the communistic spirit has caught fire it's been owing to its having come into contact with this bad spirit you call whiskey. If we can put that out of the way we shall soon have the people in a right spirit. The question of capital and labor would soon be settled, and the country would prosper as it had never prospered before. Down South, you remember, a few years ago our States were cruelly devastated by war, and millions of dollars worth of property was destroyed, and millions of dollars worth of slaves set free; and yet in spite of all that devastation and those great misfortunes, I say to you the thirteen Southern States to-day are wealthier than ever they have been before, and are more prosperous than ever they were before; and if we can recuperate so quickly and so thoroughly after such a fearful loss of slaves and property, and prove to the whole world that we are as prosperous as any States in the Union, why can't we put whiskey out? Though we may lose a little for the time being, we would go on as a sober, prosperous nation, and enjoy such prosperity as the world never saw before. Now, people of Toronto, don't you eat a hearty meal nor sleep a sound sleep until you have settled this problem for yourselves and driven liquor out of your homes, and out of your town, and out of your country; and then you can say to your children, "Children, I

leave you not much of this world's goods, but I leave you where you must grow up sober boys." And, brothers, that is the best heritage we can leave our boys. I want to live long enough to see—and if I live two years I'll see it—to see the last drop of whiskey driven out of my State. And then when my wife dies and goes to heaven she can say to our children, "Stay in Georgia; I hope you may all live and die in this grand old State, where you will be in no danger from rum." And I hope every mother in this Dominion of Canada in the very near future will be able to say as she passes out of this world into heaven, "Stay in this grand old Dominion of Canada, and you'll live and die sober." Oh, if we had such a country to leave our children in! I have got but one fault to find with you Toronto people to-night, and it is the two hundred and twenty-six hotels in your town that are ruining souls every day. God help you to see it in that light and to behave as citizens of this town, and say, "We'll never be satisfied until our city is ridded of this curse." Let your light so shine before the world that they can say, "Let us be like that city, emulate that city, and be like her in her life and character." I have told other cities about the city of Toronto, of her quiet Sabbaths. I have told the States about it. I have said that on the Sabbath the streets of Toronto are just lined with people going to the house of God; that every Sabbath perhaps two-fifths of your population went to the house of God to worship Him, and that your bar-rooms are closed up on Sunday; that Sabbath is Sabbath here in this city, and no liquor is sold on Sunday. And if I could just tell them that

you keep all the week like you do Sunday in regard to the liquor, why, you would be like a city set upon a hill. We could see you from Florida, from South Carolina, from New York City. And as they look at this city they would ask, "How did that city get to this altitude? Let us be there, and we'll enjoy the same altitude, which is heaven begun on earth, and which gives you such freedom from this fearful curse." Brethren of Toronto, work until this is accomplished. God help you and bless you. I never talked under greater difficulty than I have talked to-night. I physically am not able to talk at all to-night, but I have done the best a man tired in mind and body could do. And if I see you no more—I hope to see you some months in the future—but if I never meet you again on earth I shall wait at the pearly gates for the coming of thousands of the people of Toronto to that bright world of love. I love you. I honor you as the noblest people among whom I have ever labored. I count your friendship more than gold, and your prayers more than the riches of this world. I have never had such kindness shown me. You have been brothers, not strangers who have simply said, "We like to hear you." But you have given me your hands like friends, sisters and mothers, and I go away from Toronto this time loving you more than I did when I left you before. May you live in gladness, go on your way rejoicing, and may God bless you now and forever.

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